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# The State Hornet

VOLUME 36, NUMBER 57

California State University, Sacramento

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1983

## Pizer Slate Sweeps To Easy ASI Victory Heaviest Voter Turnout In Years Sees IFC President Top Hyers, Mukasa

GREGG FISHMAN  
Staff Writer

The largest voter turnout CSUS has seen in recent years elected Ron Pizer, Teresa Gahart, and Tim McCormick to serve as the executive board of Associated Students Inc. next year.

Don Currier, affiliated with the



Teresa Gahart  
State Hornet File Photo

Pizer slate, narrowly defeated independent candidate, Chris Acevedo in the senate chair race. Currier won by 18 votes.

According to Elections Coordinator Herman Adams, 2,601 votes were cast during the three-day voting period. That figure, representing 12 percent of the student body, almost doubles the figure for last spring's election.

Pizer and his slate beat a field of three other tickets by almost 300 votes. Pizer garnered 907 while his closest competitor, Chris Hyers' slate, won 620 votes. The AID ticket, headed by Taeisha Mukasa, won 564 votes and Dan Chester's slate received 422.

According to Adams, the Mukasa slate directly affected the outcome of the election. "Mukasa was the spoiler," said Adams. "Hyers would have walked away with it if she had not been running."

Although Pizer won handily for the executive positions, his senatorial candidates did not fare as

well. According to Adams only two of the 11 newly elected senators are from the Pizer slate.

The senators-elect are as follows:

In the Arts and Sciences, Peggy Cabrera, Anthony Thomas and Cynthia Clarke each won a seat. Cabrera ran on Hyers' slate. Clarke was an independent, and Thomas originally was affiliated with Pizer then switched allegiance to Mukasa's slate.

• Susan Jaime, a Hyers affiliate, won the Undeclared seat.

• The Health and Human Services seats were filled by Julia Phillyaw (Hyers) and Gregory Jennings (Chester) in a half-year spot.

• Gwen Glover and Brian Martucci, both Pizer affiliates, won seats in Business and Public Administration. Carla Molinari (Hyers) won a half year position for that constituency.

• In the race for the Engineering seat, Hiennuu Nguyen defeated incumbent, Ahmed Taha. Taha was unable to retake the

required constitutional exam and was forced to run as a write-in candidate.

• Incumbent Education Sen. Dan Romero, also a write-in candidate, was re-elected to his seat. Romero is a member of the Hyers slate.

Current ASI President Roger Westrup won a seat on the University Union Board of Directors. Justi Saldana also will sit on that panel. Gordon Stevenson and Steve Curtis both won seats on the University Union Policy Board.

Some ASI observers say that the senate will be strongly slanted against Pizer next year. This is compounded because Hyers, and

his running mates, Susan Lovest and Ron Colthirst, will all retain their senate seats for another semester. "Hyers will be the leader of the senate next year," said Adams. "Pizer is completely outvoted in the senate."

Adams said that the election was not without its light spots. Write-in ballots were cast for "Hewey, Dewey and Luey," "Joe Mama" and "Ben D Over."

Adams also praised and thanked the volunteers who helped count ballots. The process started after the polls closed at 7 p.m. last Friday, and continued through 6 a.m. Saturday.



Ron Pizer  
State Hornet File Photo

### 3 Constitution Changes To Win Approval

GREG FISHMAN  
Staff Writer

Although at press time the final tally had not been made, all three of the propositions on last week's ASI ballot are expected to pass easily.

Elections coordinator Herman Adams said with only a small percentage of the ballots counted he predicted positive results. "The trend is they will all pass," said Adams.

Two of the three propositions involving relatively minor changes in the wording of the constitution will not significantly affect CSUS or the ASI. One regards the line of succession for the officers of ASI and the other changes the constitution so it specifies people of different sexual preferences are guaranteed equal rights.

The other proposition may have a more direct impact on students. That initiative gives original jurisdiction on election-related complaints to the elections committee. Previously, this type of complaint had to go to the campus Board of Justice for adjudication.

Proponents of the initiative believe it will increase efficiency in dealing with election complaints. The Board of Justice currently must comply with state open meeting laws. Compliance with these laws can often hamper the board and slow down the judicial process.

The elections committee does not have to adhere to these rules and would be able to decide on complaints more quickly.

Opponents to the measure say it circumvents the judicial process and eliminates one of the checks and balances that constitute the democratic system.

ASI Attorney General Scott Ables, a chief mover behind the proposition, said the plan would benefit the students.

"The elections committee usually knows more about the election rules than the Board of Justice," said Ables. "I can understand the Board of Justice being selfish about their authority, but it is important for the ASI corporation to deal with certain problems on their own level."

Members of the Board of Justice see the proposition as a real threat to ASI as a democratic body.

"The referendum overrides the natural checks and balances of student government," said Justice Michael Harbison. "The elections committee wants the power to interpret constitutional law."

### THE RESULTS

PRESIDENT		EDUCATION	
Ron Pizer	907	Dan Ramiro	15
Chris Hyers	620		
Taiesha Mukasa	564		
Dan Chester	422		
Vote total also applies to Executive and Financial VP candidates.		UNDECLARED	
SENATE CHAIR		Azucena Jaime	143
Don Currier	587	Catherine Allenby	50
Chris Acevedo	569		
Ron Colthirst	433		
Cecelia Matthews	341		
Paul Travers	309		
ARTS AND SCIENCES			
Peggy Cabrera	139		
Anthony Thomas	105		
Cynthia Clarke	95		
Robert Lantz	79		
Phil Bergerot	57		
Paul Martinez	49		
Tim Warford	49		
David Bean	45		
Jeff Dela Pena (write-in)	34		
Mark Wheeler (write-in)	3		
HUMAN SERVICES			
HEALTH AND			
Julia Phillyaw	80		
Gregory Jennings	71		
Judy Hazelton	53		
BUSINESS			
Glen Glover	129		
Brian Martucci	128		
Carla Molinari	97		
Cheryl Weichert	48		
Sonny Moollan	70		
Rebecca Rodriguez	87		
Mike Perry	72		
Don Russell (write-in)	28		
Vickie Armstrong-Grenz	27		
ENGINEERING/COMPUTER SCIENCE			
Hiennuu Nguyen	148		
Caroline Saito	69		
Ahmed Taha	32		
UNIVERSITY UNION POSITIONS			
		Roger Westrup	775
		Justi Saldana	673
		Steve Curtis (write-in)	527
		Gordon Stevenson (write-in)	46

## Subcommittee Action Keeps Student Fee Hike Plan Alive

LISA LOVING  
Staff Writer

By a unanimous vote, the state Senate Finance subcommittee on postsecondary education moved to increase student fees for the 1983-84 academic year by \$1. The panel also voted to restrict future student surcharges by the CSU Board of Trustees, and accepted a first-time fee for community college students.

In his proposed state budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1, Gov. Deukmejian requested a \$230 increase in student fees at CSU and a first-ever imposition of fees at the community college level.

The \$1 raise was meant to insure continued discussion of the fee issue in the budget conference committee, which makes decisions on "big ticket items" in the state budget. The term "big ticket" indicates a possible revenue source for the state.

According to Curtis Richards of the California State Student Association, "Student fees are a big ticket item."

Melinda Lehman of CSSA said the senate panel chose a \$1 increase because some change would be needed to override the Assembly's recent wholesale rejection of the fee item for it to reach the budget conference committee. If both subcommittees had rejected the proposal, the item would be officially dead.

"At this point, it's not sure how much revenue is needed (from student fees). At conference, they may raise it above the governor's proposal. The main purpose was to get it to conference," Lehman said.

The constitutional deadline for passing the state budget is June 15, but it has been met only once in the past decade.

The finance subcommittee approved a measure to augment the state post-secondary educa-

tion budget by \$74 million. According to Sue Burr of the state legislative analysts office, the augmentation figure will actually total \$62 million after deduction of financial aid expenditures, which "will not be needed" if the proposed fee hikes are rejected.

According to Lehman, supplemental language adopted by the finance panel means "any cut made mid-year by the Legislature will not be passed on to the students (by the Board of Trustees) in the form of higher fees."

Lehman said this semester's \$64 surcharge was imposed as a result of a mid-year state budget cut, which the CSU Board of Trustees chose to pass on to the students in the form of a fee rather than program cuts.

The discussion at Monday's hearing centered on use and levels of fees for the UC, CSU and community college systems.

## Finance OKs Cigarette Tax; Floor Vote Slated Thursday

JAMES W. SWEENEY  
Editorial Staff

After three previous efforts failed, state Sen. Alan Robbins pushed his tobacco tax increase through the key Senate Finance Committee.

On a 8-4 vote Monday, the Van Nuys Democrat won passage for the \$140 million tax hike which he said will offset the need for fee increases for California college and university students.

Robbins said he would bring the measure to the Senate floor on Thursday, where he needs 27 votes, a two-thirds margin, to secure passage.

Most of the revenue from the Robbins bill will go to the state's 107 community colleges. They will receive \$85 million, CSU will get \$38 million and \$17 million will be allocated to UC.

The tax, which increases the cigarette tax from 10 cents to 15 cents and places a 10 percent

excise tax on other tobacco products, will take effect July 1 if the budget is passed on time or August 1 if it is delayed beyond the June 15 deadline.

The tax, if approved by the full Senate and the Assembly, would remain in effect through June 1985.

If it passes the Senate, the bill faces a difficult trek in the Assembly where conservative Republicans have refused to provide the six votes needed to win a two-thirds vote.

However, at Monday's hearing Robbins told reporters "I think we'll get it. I think there are enough Republicans for it."

In addition to passing both houses, the Robbins bill must be accompanied by budget control language guaranteeing the revenue will be allocated to higher education.

Saying he would not carry a simple revenue measure, Robbins inserted a so-called trigger mech-



Alan Robbins  
State Hornet File Photo

anism in the bill which will keep the tax from kicking in unless at least \$3.2 billion is budgeted for higher education.

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## Winners Set To Roll Up Sleeves, Make Friends

GREGG FISHMAN  
Staff Writer

If jubilation isn't outwardly apparent on the visage of ASI President-elect Ron Pizer it's because he knows the election is over but the work has just begun.

In a recent interview with *The State Hornet*, Pizer, Executive Vice-president-elect Teresa Gahart and Senate Chair-elect, Don Currier discussed their goals and tactics for the coming year.

One of the major goals for the ticket is to streamline the ASI meetings so more gets done. According to Currier this can be done by handling social issues in a different manner. He said he would sponsor legislation that would send social issues, like CSUS as a nuclear-free zone, to the students via the referendum process.

"I'm going to ask that social issues be brought to the students," said Currier. "I don't think we (the senate) ought to make political stands on social issues."

Pizer said that he wanted to include his former opponents in some of ASI's activity. "We have all these real good people on Dan Chester's ticket and on Taeisha Mukasa's ticket; we don't want to

alienate them."

Especially in the area of fee hikes and other state-wide issues, Pizer said these people can be valuable. "Their strengths are in organizing rallies and other social issues. We'd like to get them involved in that. Dan Chester said he had some contacts in the State Capitol. We want to see if we can tap into that too."

This kind of thinking could help Pizer who otherwise might have a difficult task in working with a polarized senate. Most of the new senators are not from Pizer's slate.

"We need to work together right from the beginning," said Gahart. "Then it won't be a problem."

Currier echoed that sentiment. "Everybody wants to do a good job for ASI," he said. "That's a good common ground for us to work from."

Chris Hyers, who may lead a comparatively liberal element in the senate, is willing to compromise with Pizer on some issues.

"Concessions have to go both ways," said Hyers, "but the fact remains that we don't always agree. It depends on the winners (Pizer). They're the ones playing

See Winners, Page 12



## Campus Briefs

### ASI Garden Plots: Budget Stretchers

The ASI Community Gardens, started in 1976 by two environmental studies students, might buy the answer to a tight food budget this summer.

For \$10 a year, students get a 15 by 25 foot garden plot and use of all the tools and water. Gardeners are also entitled to browse through the magazine "Organic Gardening" which is kept in the community garden office, Psychology 553B.

Jenny Heckerth, environmental studies major and garden coordinator, said the garden has progressed over the years. The \$3,000 budget from ASI this past year helped pay for her salary, replacement of some tools, and fruit trees. The fruit trees are property of all the community gardeners.

The gardens are not without their pests, said Heckerth. Some of the pests are humans who come and steal the gardeners' produce. Other pests are the rabbits which almost every gardener has complained about, she said.

As for insects, Heckerth said, "It would be ideal not to use pesticides and I would like to know beforehand if a gardener does plan to use a pesticide." Although pesticides are allowed, she said, "I feel organic gardening is better; pesticides are not good for people to ingest."

The gardens also have a tenuous future. If the United Cable Tribune is approved, their building would be built where the gardens and Recycling Center are. "We don't even have a place on the uni-

versity master plan, said Heckerth.

Heckerth's future plans for the garden include the purchase of a fence and a lawnmower to cut weeds, and a wish to be more self sufficient. She said right now the gardens are not operating on a profit. "I am thinking of asking gardeners to set up a farmers market so they could sell their produce."

### Free Legal Aid Protects Students

ASI has provided CSUS students with free legal aid services for eight years. Although attempts have been made in the past to institute fees ranging from \$1 to \$5, the Senate has consistently voted them down.

The Legal Aid office seeks "to make students more self-sufficient," said attorney Theresa Huff. After discussing the situation, students are either referred to an attorney or counseled on how to deal with the issues themselves.

Legal advisors also explain to students that they may file to waive legal fees since students usually do not have a large enough income to hire a public defender. Students are then provided with proper assistance and direction and typewriters if needed.

The most common advice sought, according to Huff, concerns landlord-tenant conflicts, traffic tickets (both on and off campus), drunk-driving, and divorce. Huff added that students also inquire about patent laws for computer programs they have developed, patents for inventions, and paperwork for name changes among other things.

The Legal Aid Office at CSUS is provided for the use of students, since ASI funds it, and not for instructors or non-students, explained Huff. Most CSU campuses offer some type of legal aid for their students. CSU at Chico has an extensive para-legal program which represents students as well as non-students. They are also able to represent clients in court, a service not currently available at CSUS.

Located on the third floor of the University Union, Huff explained that although an average of 80 students per month utilize their services, the program "can be expanded." This semester the office has been open two full days and another day for three hours in the morning. In a recent ASI survey, students polled rated Legal Aid as the most important of the ASI programs provided. In response to this interest, the office will be open for three full days next semester. They will also be open for two full days during the summer session.

### Correction

The conduct of the executive slate headed by ASI President-elect Ron Pizer is being examined by the ASI election committee for charges related only to alleged campaign infractions. Other alleged charges against the Pizer slate described in the May 5, 1983 *State Hornet* are not accurate. In addition, slates other than Pizer's were, at press time, being investigated for possible campaign infractions as well. *The State Hornet* regrets the error.

## CSUS Celebrates Cinco De Mayo

Jim Burleson, A Rio Linda High School student, modeled his car radio system during the CSUS Cino de Mayo celebration on campus Friday. Activities, which took place all day at the Outdoor Theater, included live bands, two dance acts, a low rider car show, a comedy act, an encore presentation of the play *Mitad del Espejo* and an evening dance. Some 250 people took part in the celebration of Mexico's independence from the French.

State Hornet Photo: Dia Lax



## Faculty Authors Filling Bookstore

STEPHANIE BARTELL  
Staff Writer

Buying books at the beginning of the semester can be a trying experience at best. Long lines, high prices and book shortages are frustrating enough, but when students are required to buy a textbook written by the instructor teaching the class, there is often an added element of suspicion. One wonders if the professor is extremely knowledgeable in the field, or pushing his book, or just trying to make a buck.

"It's kind of tight," said Steve Terry, a journalism major at CSUS. "They are already making money off us."

But instructors have many different reasons for writing their own text. Dr. Ada Roscoe, professor of Spanish at CSUS, wrote her workbook *Escribamos en Espanol* for Spanish 47, Practice in Writing Spanish.

"The book was born out of the needs of the students," Roscoe said.

When she took over the class in 1978 she found that none of the textbooks in print filled the needs of the class and, out of necessity, she began to gather material for her workbook.

For two years she observed the students' problems with the old text and their needs in class. During this time she compiled material, trying out exercises in class and utilizing student's suggestions until she was ready to publish in 1980.

John P. Van Gigch, professor of management in the business

administration department, had a different motivation for writing his text.

"I didn't have the idea that I was the only one who could express these ideas. To me it was a hobby, it was an occupation, it was a justification of what I am."

*Applied General Systems Theory* is in its second printing and has been translated into Russian, Spanish and Chinese. But, Van Gigch notes that it isn't a million seller. In fact, it has sold only 10,000 copies worldwide.

Another reason professors write textbooks is called the "publish or perish syndrome," a term used in large universities. It refers to the policy of requiring all professors to publish some sort of work in their field.

Although it is not a requirement for the staff at CSUS to publish, there is a lot of competition for promotion and tenure.

"You better publish because that may be the only difference between you and the other teacher," Van Gigch said.

Roscoe doesn't feel there is pressure to publish at CSUS, but says instructors are evaluated on creativity among other things, publishing is encouraged.

Once a book is written, the writer must decide to have it published or have it printed.

Roscoe was approached by a publisher but she felt she would compromise herself and the text by making the changes the publisher wanted. She decided instead to print the book herself.

"The first time I published I thought maybe it wasn't worth-

while. It was a lot of expense," Roscoe said.

The expense of printing alone for just 100 booklets can run well over \$1,000. Hiring a typist adds almost \$1.50 per page to the cost.

The first year Roscoe's book was used it was a loss "from a financial point of view," she said. She broke even after the second year and has now made a small profit which will go toward paying another typist for the second edition.

Van Gigch chose to have his book professionally published. He feels a book "loses its value" when you publish it yourself. "It looks like you couldn't get a publisher," he said.

He had no expenses except his time because he had the book published, but he isn't making huge sums of money either. He gets 15 percent on a \$30 book which amounts to about \$4.50 per book.

Books which are printed by the instructor are sold in the bookstore on a consignment basis. A unit price is established for each book and the bookstore adds a 20 percent cost margin. Any books not sold on consignment by the end of the semester must be purchased back by either the writer or the department.

Roscoe has been fortunate the last couple of semesters. All 50 copies of her book sold, even though only 30-35 students have been enrolled. Spanish students not taking the class have found her text to be a useful tool in their studies.

### Fear Permanent Facility

## Students Oppose Rancho Seco Storage

ROBIN BERGMANN  
Staff Writer

Two CSUS students are opposing construction of a temporary storage facility for low-level radioactive waste at the Rancho Seco nuclear power plant, north of Sacramento.

Students Rob Wells, a representative of the CSUS Environmental Union, and Cindy Clark, say they oppose construction of the site because it "will become permanent," said Clark.

The students' opposition came in reaction to the Sacramento Municipal Utilities Board of Director's adoption of an April 21, 1983 environmental impact report that requested the construction. The report stated the current open-air barrel storage facility at Rancho Seco is not "meeting SMUD guidelines (for radiation emission)," according to Jeff Marx, SMUD Public Information Supervisor.

SMUD officials say the site will only temporarily hold low-level radioactive materials such as workers' clothing, gloves, tools and other contaminated items until they can be shipped to permanent out-of-state dump sites.

There are two such sites on the west coast, one in Nevada and one in Washington.

SMUD's access to these dumps, however, is uncertain, the report stated. "There has been a move to make states build their own sites," Marx said. As of yet, no site has been decided on for California, he added.

Wells claims the current dump site situation in California and the U.S. suggests Sacramento will have a permanent site.

Clark said she opposes nuclear reactors in general. "Nuclear Reactors only have a life span of 30 years, then they are cemented up and fenced off, but they don't

necessarily last that long," she said.

According to Marx, "the nuclear power industry only creates a small part of the total low-level wastes." Clark feels the reactors are too dangerous, however, "During fission the metals change; they can't take the heat so you get leaks — that's why they have accidents."

Clark said the Environmental Union will not take any action on the SMUD Board decision. "Everybody (in the group) has different issues they work on," she said. Clark added she and Wells will continue to "do research and try to get more public input. Unless more people are informed, there's nothing two can do against the Board of Directors."

"When they don't get information, we get an ignorant public — apathy is what worries me the most," Clark said.

## The Arab American Club of Sacramento

Is planning to honor the graduating **Arab Students** and those of **Arab Decent** for the academic year 1982-83 in a gala celebration on May 20, at the Carousel Restaurant. If you happen to be one or know someone who is, kindly convey the information (name, address, telephone number and major) to **Salwa Haghwa 967-5061, Layla Shihabi 381-3618 or Professor Ayad Al-Qazzaz 454-6691**. The deadline to receive information is May 15. Graduates will be guests of the club and will receive a special citation. The public is invited to attend the celebration. Tickets for dinner and the celebration are \$15.00. For more information call 967-5061, 381-3618.

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## BISHOP FRANCIS QUINN

will preside at a Mass honoring the graduates of 1983 at 10:30 a.m. on Sunday, May 15th at the Newman Center. All are welcome.

## END OF THE YEAR PARTY NEWMAN CENTER

Begins at 3 p.m. Games, food, barbecue, refreshments. Movie in the evening. \$1 donation

May 20, 1983 Y'All Come



# Campus

## Leese 'Pleased'

### Lost And Found Items Auctioned; Money Set For Scholarships

CHRIS RUBIO  
Staff Writer

The CSUS department of Public Safety raised nearly \$600 yesterday during an auction of lost and found items, according to Daphne Gibson Taylor, parking officer.

Because of the success of the auction, it will not be held a second day as was originally planned, according to Jim Leese, parking administrator.

"I was very pleased with the results," Leese said.

The money raised for the auction will be placed in a scholarship fund at CSUS.

The auction culminated a "shaping up" of the parking division of Public Safety after *The State Hornet* reported there had not been an auction in over four years.

According to California Civil Code section 2080.9, any lost or abandoned property in the possession of a state university is to be auctioned off after it has been held six months.

Leese told *The State Hornet* in April that they hadn't had an auction in over four years because they didn't have enough merchandise.

At the auction yesterday, ten speed bikes, calculators, and boxes of text books were sold.

One ten speed sold for \$71, another for \$50, and another for \$60, according to Taylor.

Leese attributes the success of yesterday's auction to his auctioneer, CSUS student John Bush.



Students check out items to be auctioned, while John Bush (inset) gets the auction going.

State Hornet Photo: Dave Quesenberry

Leese said Bush approached him last week when he learned there was to be an auction. According to Leese, Bush has had a lot of experience being an auctioneer and wanted to apply for the position.

Leese said he was delighted to have Bush arrive because he needed someone experienced to handle it.

Bush often had the crowd in the Library quad laughing with his statements, one of which included this sale to a student.

"Young lady, if you're cold we've got lots of clothes to sell."

Leese has not yet determined how the money will be set up in a scholarship fund and said he is going to "check into it" to be sure it's handled correctly.

## For Outstanding Campus Activities Exceptional Students Receive Honors

SANDI MCGILL  
Staff Writer

What makes an Outstanding Senior Award winner? An Outstanding Senior is selected each year from the Senior Achievement Award winners.

Not just anyone can be a Senior Achievement Award winner. The Alumni Association is responsible for the awards and said they are given to seniors who have demonstrated academic achievement, full participation in campus activities, leadership qualities and positive contributions to the enrichment of campus life.

In the past Senior Achievement Awards have been presented to twenty seniors in recognition of their endeavors. This year, however, only six seniors were named award winners. This year's winners were David Crespi, Kathleen Devitt, Thomas Dube, Becky Hambrecht, Kevin McHugh and Janet Schwartz.

These students represent several departments and were nominated by professors who were familiar with their involvement in campus activities and academic merit. To qualify for the award, the student had to meet certain requirements including:

- A minimal overall 3.6 unit-3.40 GPA in the previous three or more semesters at CSUS.
  - Active participation in at least two campus organizations or academic activities for which no pay or academic credit was received.
  - Completion of at least four full semesters at CSUS as an undergraduate graduating senior.
  - Evidence of a positive contribution to campus enrichment.
- Kathleen Ann Devitt will graduate with a major in biology. She was nominated by Juanita Bar-

rena, biology department chair, and Roseleigh Vines, biology professor.

This past semester, Devitt was president of the Student Association for Medical Technology, a club she has held membership in for three years. She was also a student representative on several biology department committees including the chemical technology advisory committee and the executive budget, space and equipment allocation committee. Her GPA at CSUS is 3.94.

Thomas Dube is majoring in geology while minoring in biology. He was nominated by Greg Wheeler, geology professor, and Rich Schifers of Unique Productions. For three years he has been a member of the Geology Club and is currently club president. Dube was a member of Unique's annual

events committee which is responsible for events like the Trivia Bowl and the Fun Run. Dube also was a member of several other campus organizations as well as a student assistant for several professors. His GPA is 3.6.

Becky Hambrecht will graduate this May with an accounting major and has already taken her CPA exams. She is the vice-president of committees in Beta Alpha Psi, the accounting honorary society, a member of Delta Sigma Pi, the business fraternity and Phi Kappa Phi campus honor society. Hambrecht was also a representative on the Dean's Council for the School of Business and Public Administration. Her GPA is 3.85.

Kevin McHugh also plans to graduate this May with a major in business and a double concentration in management information science and marketing. This past

See Seniors, Page 7

## Apply Now For Student Loans Up To \$5,000 In Aid Available

DAVID THOMAS  
Staff Writer

Loan applications are now available at the financial aid office for the California Guaranteed Student Loans (CGSL) and the California Loans to Assist Students (CLAS) for the 83-84 school year, said Tosh Shikasho, financial aid counselor.

Shikasho said the first step in applying for the CGSL is to complete and mail in the Student Aid Application for California (SAAC) form.

After receiving an acknowledgement that the SAAC form has been processed, the student should then complete the CGSL

application, questionnaire, and terms of the offer and turn them into the financial aid office.

Once it has been verified that the student is eligible to receive financial aid, he or she should take the application to a commercial lender participating in the loan program, said Shikasho.

The maximum CGSL award for undergraduates and unclassified graduate students is \$2,500 per year with a \$12,500 maximum throughout the student's college career.

Graduate students may borrow \$5,000 per year with a maximum of \$25,000 borrowed.

If the student's family income is

See Loans, Page 7

## Division Exists Among CSU Women's Studies Programs

TIMI ROSS  
Staff Writer

Women's Studies is a new academic approach that attempts to remedy what its proponents view as the omission of experience and achievements of women from traditional teaching in subjects ranging from history and literature to economics.

Since its inception on college campuses over a decade ago, an increasing number of faculty members and students are having their consciousness raised by women's studies programs. However, within the CSU system respectability among the programs vary.

Many universities have attempted to control the women's studies programs. This attempt has caused an internal split between

those who want a feminist/activist program and those who want an academic only program, or merely a program to study women in society. Most universities prefer the latter.

"To serve those women who are

### News Analysis

going to be doing the nitty-gritty of society, we (the feminist/activists) have a right to make that society better by going out and making it that way," said Helene Burgess, women's studies coordinator at CSU Sacramento. "The problem is how much traditional scholarship should be emphasized."

In 1981, CSUS attempted to "clean up" its program. Many

teachers were being harassed about the courses they were teaching or the books they were using. The climax came when Sally Wagner, one of the founders of the CSUS's program and one of a hand full of women who have a Ph.D. in women's studies, resigned because her "working conditions had become unbearable." Wagner attributed the academic faculty as the cause of those conditions.

According to Burgess, faculty members in favor of academics want to get rid of the feminists/activists, which results in "a lot of mistrust in the program."

"The university hasn't helped either," said Burgess.

During its 13 years of existence, Burgess said that the university has offered little support for the program. Dissolving the women's

studies board of directors, reducing teaching loads and changing part-time regulations are just a few of the obstacles that Burgess' program has tried to overcome.

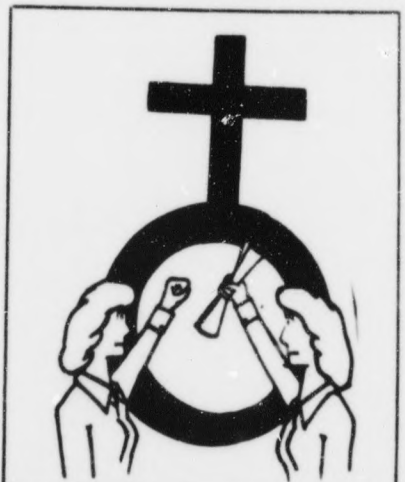
"I'd like to see the university make a commitment to the staff enabling them to have some job security," said Burgess. "The university is constantly deprecating people's qualifications because they are only part-time."

Yet, Burgess said that after experiencing a drop in enrollment the past two years, the program has "reestablished its ties with the community" and its enrollment increased this semester.

CSUS offers a coordinate major, in which a student can combine an interest in women's studies with regular department requirements, a special major and

a minor.

Unfortunately, at CSU Los Angeles there is not much interest



in the program, since there is not much of a program anymore.

According to Cathy Martin, an

anthropology professor and coordinator of CSULA's program, the program's classes have been "mainstreamed," that is the university has attempted to integrate the women's studies material into existing courses and departments rather than to segregate it in a separate program.

"We used to have the same problems (feminist/activists vs. academic)," said Martin, "but now we really don't have a program."

Since CSULA also changed their degree requirements, students can only receive a minor through independent study now.

"There used to be a section in the school catalog describing the classes offered for a minor," Martin said, "but the university took it away from us stating that 'pro-

See Studies, Page 12

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# Sports

## Cites Administrative Approach

# Shea Rejects Dartmouth AD Chance

**TOM DRESSLAR**  
Editorial Staff

Deciding to stay at CSUS "at least for next year," co-Athletic Director Irene Shea has declined an invitation to apply for the director of athletics post at Dartmouth College.

In a Friday interview with *The State Hornet*, Shea said she was "contacted by Dartmouth" recently about applying for the university's AD position. She opted not to seek the job, said Shea, because the Ivy League "has an approach to athletics that didn't really excite me."

As Dartmouth's director of athletics, Shea said she would have administered intercollegiate athletics, intramurals, club sports and the physical education program.

Another reason she turned down the opportunity to vie for the Dartmouth post, said Shea, was the university's management style. Much of her responsibilities would have been delegated to several

associate AD's.

"With so many associates, you're like the president of a university," Shea said. "I like being in a setting where I can roll up my sleeves and get involved."

Shea, a New York native, said she was approached about applying for the AD job at another East Coast university, but she declined to name the school. Dartmouth officials were unavailable for comment over the weekend.

Meanwhile, trying to cope with CSUS' fiscal crunch, Shea and co-AD Ray Clemons recently submitted to President W. Lloyd Johns the athletics department's contingency budget plans based on two, five and eight percent cuts in state operating expense funding.

Part-time assistant coaches, student assistants, supplies and services and team travel would be most affected by the operating budget reductions recommended by Shea and Clemons. The proposals, contained in an April 15 memo to Johns, are based on the

assumption that CSUS will fund 19 intercollegiate sports next year.

The Athletic Advisory Board proposed to Johns Dec. 6 that CSUS reduce from 19 to 16 intercollegiate teams by eliminating funding for men's and women's tennis and wrestling.

The Academic Senate and the University Planning Committee sent Johns their recommendations regarding the advisory board's proposals Jan. 28, but Johns still has not made a decision on the tennis and wrestling cuts. Dean of Students Tim Comstock said last Tuesday he thought Johns would decide to fund the three teams through next year.

"We're operating on that assumption," said Shea. "We have not been told anything different."

Shea and Clemons' proposed budget for 1983-84, based on a 2 percent reduction in state funding, calls for no cuts in full-time coaching positions, but contains a decreased allocation for part-time assistant units.

Sports that would suffer cuts in part-time coaching units include football, baseball, softball, soccer, men's and women's track and men's and women's swimming. The proposed 50 percent reduction in part-time units for swimming, said Shea, would most likely mean the loss of the assistant diving coach.

Shea said the issue of whether to cut into full or part-time coaches "was really a tough one to address." Programs "lose continuity," said Shea, if part-time assistants are cut. "But if we're trying to maintain quality, head coaches are the key people."

Citing the importance of mailing, photocopying and postage, Shea said the cuts in supplies and services that would come with an eight percent reduction in state funding would "especially hurt us with promotion and recruiting. It would make it really tough."

The proposed reductions in team travel contained in the April 15 memo to Johns, said Shea,

would mean cancellation of games and limiting road trips largely to Northern California. "When you cancel games, you begin watering down your program," she said. "You begin taking your program in an entirely different direction."

Shea noted most teams must play schools from Southern California to have a chance to qualify for Division II national playoff competition.

A 2 percent decrease in state funding would not affect CSUS' goal, as formulated by the advisory board, of achieving "excellence in the Northern California Athletic Conference (NCAC) and in Division II at the national level," according to Shea.

"Once you get to 5 percent," she said, "you're on a slide. Then the question becomes how do we reverse the slide. At 8 percent, we better re-evaluate our goals."

Shea said the retention of tennis and wrestling "makes it really tough administratively," noting the contradiction between stag-



Irene Shea

nant, or reduced funding sources and inflation. She added the tennis and wrestling coaches will be forced to do more fund raising, which she said will detract from their coaching performance.

Shea said she was pleased with the five-year guaranteed funding contract with Associated Students, Inc., approved April 28 by the ASI Senate. "It allows us to plan ahead," she said.

The Senate voted to give athletics \$43,000 annually for the five-year period, \$7,000 less than the department requested.

## Softballers Finish Strong

**MICHAEL A. BABB**  
Staff Writer

Ending the 1983 campaign on a respectable note, the CSUS women's softballers defied the odds Saturday and came back winners from "The Biggest Little City in the World" sweeping a doubleheader from Division I Nevada-Reno.

The Hornets finished 1983 with a 28-14 overall mark by coming from behind to beat the Wolfpack 5-4 in the opener before edging Reno again in the nightcap, 4-2.

In the first game, freshman Tracy Latino went the distance, picking up her 15th win of the season against seven defeats in a game which saw seven errors committed by the two teams.

Down 2-0 early, the Hornets got on the scoreboard in the top of the second inning. Kitty Schmidt singled and went to second on Kelly Pingree's bunt single past third.

Leftfielder Stacy Furnari then layed down a sacrifice bunt that was thrown past the Wolfpack first baseman for an error. Schmidt

scored on the play, with Furnari and Pingree holding at first and third. Darcy Brownell hit a sacrifice fly to left, scoring Pingree and tying the score at two a piece.

CSUS broke the deadlock in the fourth when they struck for another pair. Pingree led off with a triple and scored on Furnari's base hit. Furnari moved to third on Brownell's single, then scored on Cheryl Bradley's infield out.

McConkie was impressed with her team's ability to come from behind. "We didn't overpower them, but I was pleased our kids were (able to bounce) back. They didn't die."

In the second game, the Hornets struck first for two second-inning tallies. Third baseman Terri Beyer walked, and Cheryl Rivera was hit by a pitch. They advanced to second and third on Brownell's sacrifice.

Beyer came in to score on a wild pitch, and Robin Cammerer's infield hit brought Rivera across for a 2-0 CSUS lead.

Tied up at 2-2, the Hornets added an unearned run in the sixth



Cheryl Rivera, seen above scooting into second, scored the tying and winning runs for CSUS in the Hornets' 4-2 second-game win over Nevada-Reno.

State Hornet Photo: Gary Markovich

to pull ahead. Rivera walked to lead off and moved to second on another Brownell sacrifice.

Rivera moved to third when the Wolfpack shortstop misplayed

catcher Holly Mikkelsen's ground ball, and scored when the Reno

leftfielder let Bradley's short single get by her for another key error.

## McConkie Looks At Season

Although they closed out NCAC play last Monday with two victories over hapless UC Davis, the CSUS women's softball team's 1983 campaign was a disappointment, to say the least.

Hopes of re-capturing the Division II national crown they were only two years ago fizzled as the Hornets finished fifth in the league with a less than sensational 8-6 record.

"We can't blame it all on the rain, but we'd like to," said Hornet skipper E. J. McConkie on the disappointing season.

With league play finished, the NCAC's coaches selected their all-conference team Tuesday. Humboldt pitcher Cheryl Clark garnered MVP honors and Chico led in all-leaguers with five. Although CSUS had no representatives on the first team, five Hornets were nominated to the second squad.

"I had hoped we would place someone on the first all-conference team," said McConkie. "But then some of our players that were doing fantastically well overall did not do that well in conference."

### First Team:

**Pitchers**  
Cheryl Clark (MVP) ..... Humboldt  
Diane Kinney ..... Chico

**Catcher**  
Becky Robinson ..... Chico

**Infield**  
Christi Hulse ..... Humboldt

Barbara Lanz ..... Chico

Carrie West ..... San Francisco

Laurie Cruise ..... Chico

**Outfield**  
Lisa Crowe ..... Chico

**Outfielders**  
Becky Immell ..... Humboldt

Karen Swanson ..... Davis

**Utility**  
Lorraine Morton ..... San Francisco

**SECOND TEAM**

**Pitchers:**  
Tracy Latino ..... CSUS

Tina Woodring ..... Sonoma

**Catcher**  
Kelly Pingree ..... CSUS

**Infield**  
Terri Beyer ..... CSUS

Debbie Pope ..... San Francisco

Kathy Kelly ..... CSUS

Wendy Gurwitz ..... Sonoma

**Outfield**  
Cheryl Bradley ..... CSUS

Kim Williams ..... Sonoma

Anabelle Holland ..... San Francisco

**Utility**  
Yvonne McDonald ..... Sonoma



CSUS' two-time All-American gymnast Terri Meyer (above) faced special mental preparation problems this year qualifying for Nationals as an individual.

State Hornet Photo/Larry McKendall

**KAREN WILHELMS**  
Staff Writer

In preparation for competition, athletes need to do more than prepare their bodies. They need to prepare their minds as well.

But the proper, positive, and realistic mental attitude can be attained by only a few.

Fewer still can attain proper mental preparation in the face of a major championship such as an intercollegiate national tournament. External and internal forces pressure athletes preparing for

such competition, themselves than others.

For CSUS' Terri Meyer, All-American gymnast for the last two years and a qualifier for nationals again last month, this year's competition was a new experience.

In past years, she has qualified with the team and was surrounded by friends going through the same experience. This year she qualified as an individual, so she had to compete alone.

There's always more pressure working toward a team score because an athlete's performance affects teammates. For some this

pressure works well.

Swimmer Chris Lanser, who recently took sixth place in the 100-yard freestyle National finals and a team fifth for the 400-yard relay said, "The best times are in relays."

Lanser explained that "the whole team pushes you to a point where you can't do anything but good."

Several of Lanser's teammates agreed. "I can really get pumped up for a relay, because it is a team effort," said Stephanie Koop, another swimmer to place both as an individual and team member in nationals.

One technique swimmers use for mental conditioning is what they call a "shave down." The night before a match they shave their whole body, some even shave their heads. All the swimmers said it was a psychological move; that if it makes a person feel faster, maybe they'll swim faster.

Besides the psychological advantage it gives the athlete, it can also work against an opponent. If they see someone who has shaved their hair, they probably assume that that person is dedicated to winning.

Lanser, when asked about workouts, said the individual should know how hard they need to train at a certain point in the season. If they practice too hard, they can give a bad performance because they're too tired.

For his teammate Kerry Freeman, a workout entails setting a goal for an upcoming meet, and then working toward that in practice.

To deal with this problem of "over workout," swimmers and other athletes do a "taper down."

They decrease their workouts just prior to a major competition so they will have a maximum amount of energy when they compete.

In some sports, though, an athlete can be denied this lightening of the load. Wrestling is one such sport.

Many wrestlers must think about their weight as well as their mental and physical condition. If they're overweight, they must lose the extra pounds, and the best way is through intense workouts.

Robert Simpson is one such wrestler. He was chosen as a "wildcard" to go to Nationals this year. Simpson said, "My biggest concern was to lose weight."

Russ Jones is another wrestler who went to Nationals. He took sixth place in the finals. He explained that he didn't have to diet this year, but that still leaves all the other preparation.

For Jones, the athlete who wins is the one that wants it the most and works hardest for it. He wasn't seeded in the Nationals, but for him that was almost better. He could give it all he had with nothing to lose. He explained that everyone goes after the top athlete.

One problem all these individual sports create for athletes is how to motivate themselves without the help of a "team."

Mo Nard, who took second overall at the racquetball Nationals, faces the problem this way. She respects her opponent as a good player, but blocks that out, along with everything else, and just keeps thinking, "I'm going to play my best match ever."

It took Nard a long time to get over her nervousness, but to be really serious about racquetball



Charlie Benson (above) took a two-year sabbatical from swimming after suffering burn out. Teammate Chris Lanser's recovery lasted three years.

competition, a player must be willing to play in three or four tournaments a month. With this much exposure to competition, Nard no longer allows nervousness to affect her.

Another problem that confronts athletes is fatigue with their sport. If they play too hard, too long, they can get burned out, either temporarily or permanently.

For Lanser it took a three-year break before he felt ready to return to swimming. For Charlie Benson, another swimmer to go to Nationals, it took two years.

Nard feels she needs a week off

a couple times a year. Most athletes feel they gain a lot from these absences. There are some technical abilities that must be sharpened upon returning but these are outweighed by the overall improvement, according to these athletes. Lanser feels he improved over 200 percent during his absence, and others expressed similar sentiments.

Finally, for all these athletes their sport has to remain fun or it isn't worth the work. When it becomes work, they will get out and leave it to someone else.



# Rain, Pitching Hinder Hornets

## Smith Compliments Baseballers' Dedication, Hard Work

ROBERT PADGETT  
Staff Writer

At the beginning of the 1982-83 baseball season, CSUS head baseball Coach John Smith said if the weather remained favorable the Hornets would be in serious contention for the Northern California Athletic Conference (NCAC) crown.

He stressed that, although the entire team needed to practice outside in game conditions, it was especially detrimental for his pitchers to throw inside the gym on rainy days. The Hornet pitching squad, according to Smith, would be more consistent and accurate in a game after at least three or four days of field practice.

Unfortunately, as everyone well knows, the weather in Sacramento this year was less than favorable for baseball play. In fact, because teams were forced to cancel so many games as a result of the rain,

the NCAC opted to break the season into two parts.

Before this move the Hornets' hopes for a post-season birth looked dismal. Their pitching staff, just as Smith has predicted, was fatigued and inconsistent — a situation reflected in the team's standings.

So when CSU Chico was awarded first place for the first part of the season, the Hornets gained new hope for winning the NCAC; they would start with a clean record and have to wind up in first place for the second half of the season. If successful, they would play Chico for the overall championship.

But they weren't successful. The NCAC decision to split the season in half failed to keep the clouds from rolling into the valley, and many more games had to be cancelled.

CSUS started the second half of their season in a way that would

resemble most of their play for the rest of the year. The Hornets dropped the opening game and split the double header the following day against Chico.

After emerging from the Wildcat series 1-2, the Hornets found it difficult to win a substantial number of games in a row. In fact, CSUS' only sweep was against

Although the rain had stopped for the most part, the Hornet pitchers continued to let down in the later innings. It was not unusual to witness the Hornets have a four-or five-run lead transformed to a two-or three-run deficit in half an inning.

In fact, in one game against Chico, the Hornets were up 11-4 in

## Hornets Split With Gators

A two-run homer by first baseman John Hankard in the top of the tenth inning Saturday broke a 4-4 tie and enabled CSUS to close out their season with a 6-4 win over host San Francisco State in the second game of a doubleheader.

The Hornets dropped the first game of the twinbill to the Northern California Athletic Conference (NCAC) champs of the second half of the season 5-2.

In the bottom of the tenth inning in the second game the Gators had bases loaded with one out and an excellent opportunity to take the lead. However, Hornet Stu Hambro relieved starting pitcher Ron Mattson and saved the game for CSUS.

After a ball and a strike, Hambro threw a fastball and made the Gator batter hit into a double play, thus ending the game. "My main concern was to throw a strike and make them hit the ball," Hambro said. "You don't want to walk anyone with bases loaded and bring in a run."

CSUS Head Coach John Smith said that his team played well in the latter part of the season. "I'm glad we finished on a good note. When things were looking bad, the kids played with character and went after those last games," he said.

The split with the Gators places CSUS' overall record at 22-18 and NCAC record at 17-14. And, as in the first part of the season, the Hornets finished in third place for the second half.

In the first game of the twinbill, the score was tied 1-1 going into the bottom of the sixth inning when the Gators scored four runs to break the game open.

CSUS could only get one run in the top of the seventh inning and came up short 5-2.

In the second game, along with Hambro and Hankard, the Hornets were led by the hitting of Buddy Thomas, who went 2-5, Chip Bowlin, who had two singles, and Todd Marston, who went 2-3.

—ROBERT PADGETT

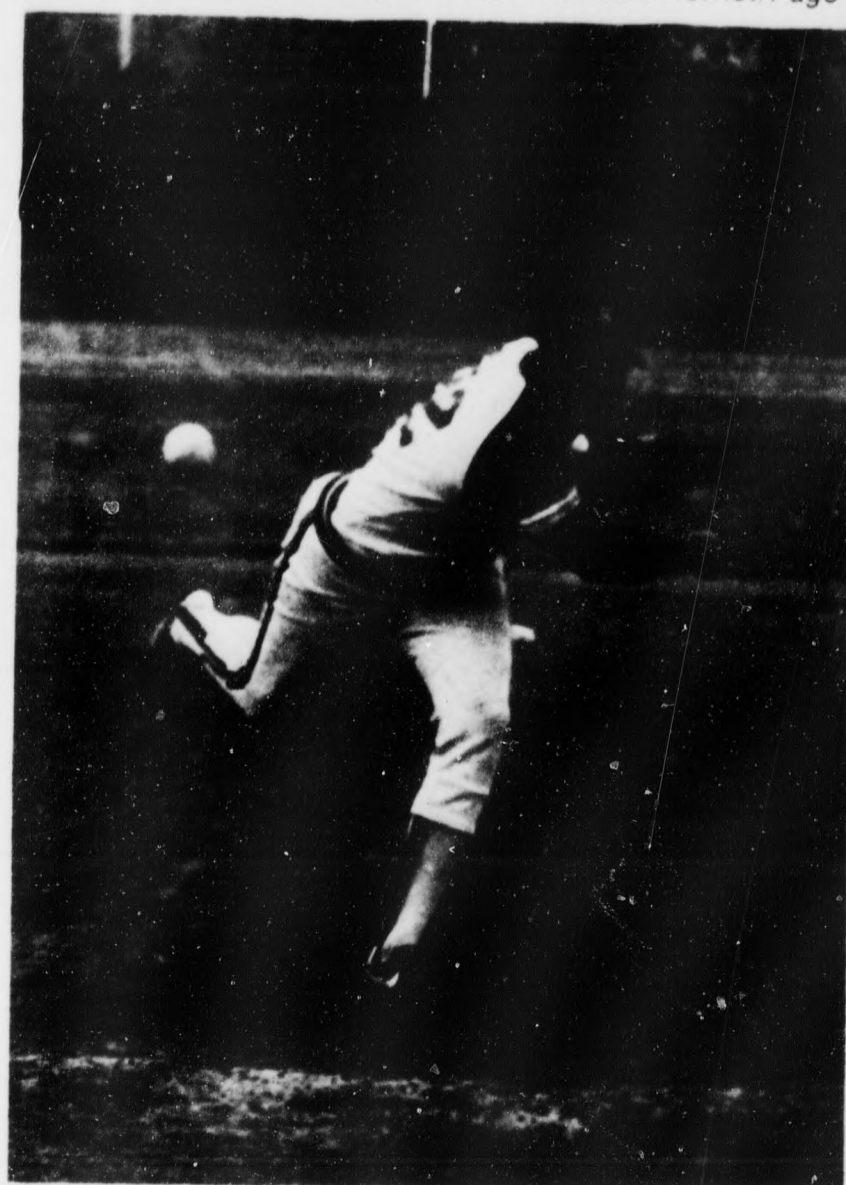
CSK Stanislaus during the spring break.

After this positive performance CSUS players were very confident that the weather would remain nice and the Hornets would place well in the season.

The next couple of games proved that a post-season birth was, as Smith said, "not meant to be."

the top of the sixth inning and down 12-11 in the bottom of the same inning.

Eventually, the Hornets put themselves into a position in which they had to win every game to even have a chance to place first for the second half of the season. Smith said the Hornets would have to be victorious in every remaining contest and the first place team



Ron Mattson (above) went nine-plus innings to get the win in CSUS' 6-4 victory over San Francisco state in the nightcap of Saturday's doubleheader split.

State Hornet Photo: Gregg Ruh



Third baseman Dave Dunlop (fielding above) helped anchor CSUS' 1983 infield. Inconsistency caused by lack of outdoor practice plagued this year's Hornets. State Hornet Photo: Larry McKendall

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**Dave Russel**

Dave ran the 800m in 1:51.9 at the Johnny Mathis Invitational.

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# Expressions

## The 80s Look? Hip And Very Thrifty

**BARRY WISDOM**  
Editorial Staff  
**KIMBERLY HECKES**  
Contributing Writer

They are the polyester graveyards. The places where old leisure suits go and die. They also happen to be an alternative to high-priced fashion, for they are, in their own kinky way, fashionable. They are called thrift stores, used clothing stores or vintage clothiers and they are fast becoming the Magnin's of the 80s.

For besides the lime green men's doubleknits, the Haggard strobe coats and the like, these stores also boast yesterday's throwaways which have come

back into vogue — at least with the new music scene.

This new music — call it new wave, punk, rockabilly, etc. — has a fashion statement but it wants to say it with as little dinero as possible. You can buy those thin, hip ties at a Tower store or Weinstock's, but you also have to pay about \$12 for it.

So, instead of the shopping bag ladies, the human derelicts and the like, the stores are filled with high school students, college students and students of the new vinyl.

Be prepared, however, to do some serious browsing. Some are very disorganized and pawing through old Polaroid Swingers and Partridge Family records in

the aisles won't be uncommon. It's hard to resist poking through memories on the way to that jacket you're actually shopping for anyway.

To help eager thrifters poke through the proliferation of stores, the following is a listing of the best around Sacramento.

**Cheap Thrills** (1217 21st St.) Requires an agile body to shop in — it's so packed, but coolness abounds. The prices are pretty high for discards, but the selection for men and women is fairly equitable.

**Deseret Industries** (3000 Auburn Blvd.) This thrift store, owned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (the Mormons), is probably the best organized of them all. Each garment is individually tagged with cost and size. The place is very big on baby clothes, naturally, with an emphasis on women's wear. "Hip" clothes are at a minimum but a nice Maytag shirt sporting the company's logo and the words "We're Dependable" on it was a cool 99c.

**Flashback** (1729 L St.) The store is distinctive the moment you step through the door — chimes sound and the smell of incense burns your nose. It's a very small shop specializing in vintage clothing. Handbags, hats and long dresses are specialties. Their selection of men's suits is small, but all are worth looking at — no leisure suit salmon here.



What the Deseret Industries thrift store lacks in hipness makes up in organization.

State Hornet Photo: Barry Wisdom

**Glass Slipper** (2012 N St.) This shop has some very interesting clothes but the salespeople are of a dubious nature — a little too willing to help. Be prepared to camp out.

**Goodwill Industries** (6648 Franklin Blvd.) is a nice store. Nothing more or less. It's competitively priced and does usually have some cool clothes.

**Purple Heart Veterans Stores** (various locations) These stores appear almost like warehouses with their dim, high ceiling fluorescent lighting and cement

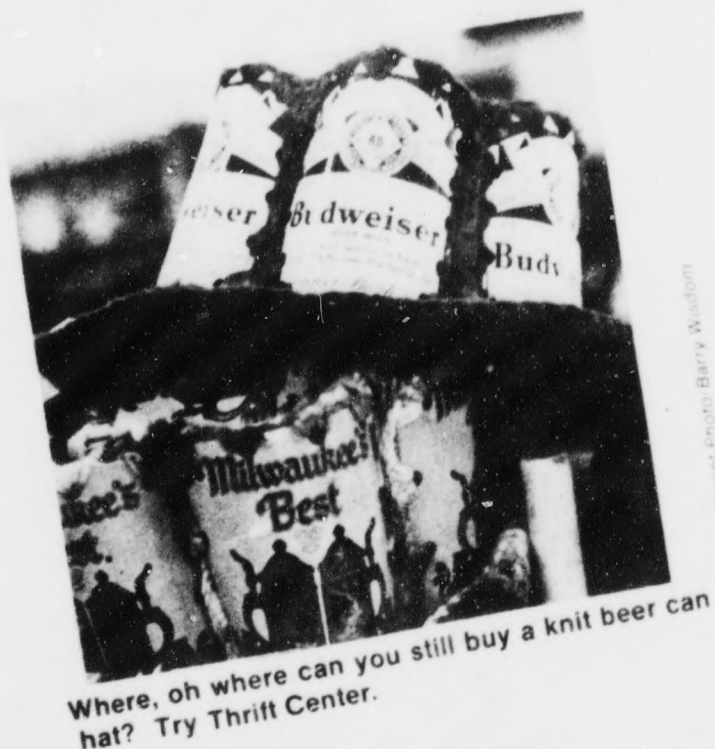
floors. Their tags are hand lettered and stapled on but are readable. Instead of such high-falutin' clothing size dividers one finds on department store racks, there are quaint coffee lids slit to the middle. Men's overcoats are a big item here going for \$5.95-\$7.95.

**St. Vincent DePaul** (1313 J St.) is easily the smallest of the thrift clothing stores with a selection to match. The hours are a bit irregular as well. Stop only if you're in the area anyway.

**Thrift Center Thrift Store** (1217 Alhambra Blvd.) If you're claus-

trophobic, this isn't the store for you. A feeling of clutter, and jam prevail. Bowling shirts go for a cool \$2.29 (with embroidery). A special feature of the store is an "oldies" section which boasts "vintage" clothing at below vintage clothing store prices.

**Value Village** (2350 Florin Rd.) This truly great thrift store has the unfortunate distinction of being in one of the worst areas in Sacramento. Its sister store on 6021 Franklin is in a much better spot but not much.



State Hornet Photo: Barry Wisdom

## Thrashdance

Barry Wisdom

I felt that each frame I clicked off was going to be my last. I knew I was fated for photojournalistic martyrdom. Yes, the photos would survive even if I didn't — developed and printed after a small, intimate funeral attended by my closest 458 friends.

And what would I leave those friends and my interested (yet distraught) readers? Concert photos of the Los Angeles band X and their audience — people you don't see in the daylight.

"Are you going to X? Are you going to X?"

"Well..."

"Come on, Barry — don't be a wuss — it'll be fun," he, she, they promised.

"OK, but I have to cover it for the paper if I go," I lied, wanting a way out should I start to feel myself go zombie-like at the show.

The 35mm SLR. In this case a Canon equipped with a 50mm 1.4 lens — a big enough aperture so a reasonably fast shutter speed could be employed. It would be fast enough to hopefully freeze the action even if I was being flailed upon.

But this camera, my shield to the anarchy that raged, became a hindrance once I wheedled my

way to the front of the stage.

The music started. The pushing started. The steam, sweat, blood and tears started. Dancing *en masse* began and I assumed battle stations — body rigid (yet in rhythm to the music), arms up (bent at elbows) and camera clutched in wet hands.

*Exene, you witch. Entice that crowd. Spur them on to violence. Force them to cast themselves upon the stage. . .*

Exene, you witch. Entice that crowd. Spur them on to violence. Force them to cast themselves upon the stage only so your sadistic roadies can push them down on top of the packed stageside crowd. You bitch.

And you, Zoom — Billy to your friends (if you have any) — you put on that plastic, bemused smile of yours and play with all the emotion of a Cheshire cat who's Qualuuded out. You think it's funny, don't

you — all those teens in their leather, T-shirts, and makeup trying to rebel against their harsh Sacramento lives at \$7.50 a spike-haired head.

"... don't be a wuss — it'll be fun."

I was winged by the leg of one of the roadies guided missiles. Caught my nose. This might be some trouble I began to think. I was using my intelligence and strength to protect my camera and not me. Bad thinking. These unsuccessful stage jumpers are trying to take audience members out as they hurtle back to the Crest's floor.

"But, damn it," I said to myself, "I'm on assignment!"

I wasn't the only one agitated. By the fiftieth or so attempt, bassist John Doe bellowed: "Knock it off asshole!"

Yeah, that'll cool them off. Not.

As a partially empty Bud sailed Johnny's way he quickly retorted in verbal and sign language, "Well, fuck you too!"

The crowd loved it. It was part of the cycle wasn't it? Band plays trash, punky music, crowd reacts trashily, band pretends to get upset and lashes back at the audience; audience reacts even more hotly. It got so hot around 1 a.m., that someone had to cool things off in the middle of the crowd with a fire extinguisher.

"WHOOSH!" went the extinguisher's powder shooting to the ceiling. "WHOOSH!" went X's members exiting the stage.

As those who prodded me into going in the first place were dozing off, I wondered if the band would again take the stage to blast out another indistinguishable tune and incite the crowd to acts even more riotous.

"X would like to come out and play some more but they want to be sure something else doesn't happen. So if you want them back, let them hear it!" the guy in the funny hat and face said.

By this time I was up in the seats wondering what had happened to Mr. Fire Extinguisher. The guy with the funny hat and face had half asked, stated if Mr. FE had been "chastised" which brought roars of affirmation.

What had the crowd done to him? Beat him? Cut him? Washed his hair?

X's "second set" was thankfully short. But it lacked spirit. No one jumped the stage. No one leapt. No one lobbed a Bud. The magic was over and it was only 1:30 a.m. I'd survived the Untouchables, the Flesheaters and X — at the stage — and even took a few hard body blows. I was in there. I was somebody.

No legacy, no eulogy this time. But you can count on me, that wherever a concert is — no matter how personally dangerous — I'll be there getting you the straight story. Because I'm Barry Wisdom, photojournalist.



## The Return Of The Nemzo

Lisa Nemzo will assuredly have her 12-string in tow for tomorrow's Nooners on the South Lawn of the University Union. Nemzo's been a featured opener to such acts as Kenny Loggins, Tom Waits, Firefall and others.



Exene reaches out to touch somebody in Saturday's Crest Concert.

State Hornet Photo: Barry Wisdom



# Bed And Breakfast Inns Inexpensive Getaways

STEVE TERRY  
Staff Writer

With finals just around the corner and summer vacation on everyone's mind, thoughts of getting away from the daily rigors of college and city life draw near. Three towns, or villages as some like to call them, that provide just the right dose of relaxation and escapism are Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove.

The three towns have become famous for their scenic coastal splendor as well as the many unique shops, art galleries and restaurants that line the streets. Many visitors have chosen the area as their retreat from the hustle and bustle of everyday life.

Finding a place to stay, away from it all, can often be a difficult task as the area boasts hundreds of hotels and motels crowded with tourists and sight-seers. Bed and Breakfast Inns are, perhaps, the best providers of a quiet diversion from students' otherwise hectic lifestyles.

Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove offer a number of privately owned and operated Bed and Breakfast Inns. The inns are often lavishly decorated with antiques and other unusual items and the architecture is, in many cases, spectacular as well as historic.

Bed and Breakfast Inns can provide the seclusion and privacy needed after a long semester of seemingly endless reading and cramming. The inns are not, however, cheap. But when compared to many hotels and motels in the area, the actual cost of staying at an inn can be less, considering the countless amenities included in the price of a night's lodging.

Of the unique and distinctive Bed and Breakfast Inns in Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove, six are highlighted below.

Holiday House, in Carmel, was built in 1905 as a summer cottage but was converted to an inn in the 1920s. It has been taking guests in ever since, making it one of Carmel's oldest guest houses.

The atmosphere at Holiday House is casual and restful and guests may relax in their rooms, the living room by the stone fireplace, the sunporch or on the terrace overlooking the garden. Several of the guest rooms as well as the living room have views of the ocean.

The inn is only three blocks from the beach and the center of

town, thus making it easier to get around without a car.

According to Kenneth Weston, Holiday House's innkeeper, a continental breakfast is served to guests every morning. It includes hot rolls, coffee cake or muffins, a choice of cereal, juice and a choice of coffee, tea, or hot chocolate. Weston says that smoking is not permitted in the house.

Guest room rates are \$46 with shared baths and \$53 with private baths. For reservations, the inn can be reached by calling 1-408-624-6267.

The Gosby House Inn is a Victorian mansion in Pacific Grove and was built in 1886. Each year the original owner, Mr. Gosby, made it a practice to add something new to the house, such as the Queen Anne tower that dominates the corner of the house today.

Each room at The Gosby House Inn is furnished with antiques and has a wash basin with brass faucets. The parlor, where breakfast is served, has a large antique doll collection. The Steinbeck Room in the tower offers a view of Monterey Bay.

The inn offers a generous

breakfast of eggs, pumpkin bread, dry cereal and granola, coffee ring, fresh fruit, teas, coffee and juice. Evening snacks are also available as is cider and soft drinks.

The Gosby House Inn provides picnic baskets and bicycles to those wishing to borrow them. Rooms at the inn range from \$50 for those with shared baths to \$75 for larger rooms with private baths, such as the Gosby suite or the Carriage House. Smoking is not permitted inside The Gosby House Inn. For reservations call 1-408-375-1287.

The Green Gables Inn, in Pacific Grove, is a small Queen Anne house set on the coastline of the famous Monterey Bay. In the past, the inn was open only part of the year but, beginning in June, will be open year round.

Only eight rooms are available at the Green Gables Inn but each is enhanced by antiques and excellent views of the bay. Breakfast is served each morning to guests only. Reservations should be made well in advance of a visit because of the small number of available rooms. The inn can be

reached by calling 1-408-375-2095. Room prices range from \$70 to \$90.

The Stonehouse Inn was built in 1906 in Carmel and was named for its unusual stone exterior. A warm fire burns nightly in the huge, stone fireplace located in the living room. The bedrooms are decorated with brass and wood accents, lovely quilts and lots of pillows.

The formal dining room is where breakfast is served and there is a large glass porch on the west side of the inn. The outside of the inn is adorned with beautiful gardens where visitors often relax.

The Stonehouse Inn serves a generous breakfast of: hard-boiled eggs, coffee ring or some other kind of pastry, dry cereal or granola, fresh fruit, tea, coffee and juice.

Rooms at the inn range from \$55 for smaller rooms such as the Lola Montez room, which according to Tippi McGinnis, relief night manager, is wall-to-wall bed to \$70 for larger rooms. Reservations can be made by calling 1-408-624-4569. All rooms have shared baths and smoking is not permitted in

the house.

The Centrella Inn is larger than most with 24 rooms and five cottages. Located in Pacific Grove just 2 1/2 blocks from Lover's Point, the inn offers everything from small rooms with shared baths to large suites and cottages with fireplaces.

The Centrella Inn is decorated with antique furnishings and each bathroom is complete with a claw-foot tub. A fine breakfast of fresh pastries, cereal, fresh fruit, yogurt, juice and coffee is served between 7:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Between 6:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sherry and hors d'oeuvres are served. Smoking is permitted in guest rooms and the lobby only.

Room prices range from between \$53.80 for smaller rooms with shared baths to \$129.20 for cottages, while the majority of rooms are in the \$80 range. For reservations call 1-408-372-3372.

The Old Monterey Inn, in Monterey, is an English country home built in 1920 by Monterey's Mayor Carmel Martin. This lovely inn sits on 1 1/4 acres and boast over 100 trees. The inn is not, however, for someone on a small budget.

The living room is noted for its simplicity. It is decorated with oriental rugs, family pictures, and an elaborate candelabra lighting fixture on the wall. There is a fireplace where a fire is often burning along with several comfortable chairs and a sofa. The Old Monterey Inn is noted for its relaxing atmosphere.

Breakfast is served at 9 a.m. either in the guest's room on a tray or in bed or in the dining room. Wine and cheese is served between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m.

As mentioned before, room rates can be very high at the Old Monterey Inn. They range from between \$85 for rooms with

shared baths to \$120 for the Library suite and on up to \$150 for the private cottage. The inn is located only six blocks from the bay and reservations can be made by calling 1-408-375-8284.

With lodging taken care of, it's time to turn to the points of interest in the Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove area. Some of the many things to see while in the area are: the 17 Mile Drive, between Carmel and Monterey which winds and curves through the Del Monte Forest past spectacular ocean scenes and luxurious homes, Fisherman's Wharf and Cannery Row in Monterey, which offer dozens of shops and restaurants, bay cruises and fresh fish markets, and the white sand beaches with their cold and sometimes dangerous, but always beautiful waters.

Other points of interest include Lover's Point, in Pacific Grove, where there is a beach, restaurant, park and lots of hungry squirrels, so don't forget to bring along a big bag of peanuts for these always friendly critters, and Point Lobos Game Reserve, just south of Carmel on Highway 1, offering many varieties of water birds, seals and sea lions, sea otters and between November and February, whales, as they make their southward migration.

Contact the innkeepers at the Bed and Breakfast Inn you're staying at for more information on what's going on while visiting the area. For more information on inns around the Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove area, pick up a copy of *Country Inns of the Far West* by Jackie Killen or *Country Inns, Lodges and Historic Hotels of California and the West* by Anthony Hitchcock and Jean Lindgren.



This year's winners of the Senior Achievement Awards are David Crespi, Kathleen Devitt, Thomas Dube, Becky Hambrecht, Kevin McHugh and Janet Schwartz. The student chosen to be the Outstanding Senior will be named on May 13.

State Hornet Photo: Cathryn Reynolds

## Loans

### Continued From Page 3

greater than \$30,000 annually, he or she must also be able to demonstrate financial need. In addition, other financial aid money received by the student influences how much can be borrowed under the CGSL program, said Shikasho.

Interest charges for the CGSL are nine percent. Students may defer payment of the principal and interest on the loan until six months after leaving school.

To be eligible for the CGSL a student must be enrolled in at least six units. However, this will mean that the student can receive only half the maximum amount that can be awarded.

The student must also maintain a C average in all units taken. Full-time students receiving the maximum award must complete all units taken.

In applying for the CLAS program students need to fill out the appropriate application and questionnaire and return them to the financial aid office.

Dependent undergraduate students must also have their parents fill out a supplemental credit application.

After the financial aid office has processed the CLAS application, the parent or student then takes the application to a participating lender for approval, said Shikasho.

The financial aid office has a list of lending institutions that participate in both the CLAS and CGSL programs.

Under the CLAS program, graduate students and parents of dependent undergraduates may borrow up to \$3,000 per year, with a maximum of \$15,000 borrowed.

Independent undergraduates

may borrow up to \$2,500 annually, less any amount borrowed under the CGSL program. A maximum of \$12,500 may be borrowed from the program.

Student borrowers attending school full-time may defer payment on the principal of the CLAS, but must begin making interest payments 60 days after the loan is awarded. Repayment of the principal must begin immediately after the student drops below full-time status or leaves school.

Parent borrowers must begin payment on the principal and interest within 60 days after the

loan is granted.

The interest rate for the CLAS is based on the current T-Bill rate, which was 12 percent for the fourth quarter of 1982.

Shikasho said the deadline to apply for the CGSL for the 83-84 school year would be about March 1, 1984. The deadline for the CLAS would be about 60 days before the end of the academic year for which the money was being borrowed.

Shikasho recommended that students apply two to three months early to allow time for the processing of the loans.

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# Forum

## Applause For Reasonable Act

It's hard to tell at this point why the state Assembly Ways and Means Education Subcommittee rejected Gov. Deukmejian's proposed fee increase for the California State University system two weeks ago. To be sure, the issue is not dead and buried. But whether it was partisan politics, rigid idealism or just plain chutzpah, the opposition was long overdue.

The recommended fee increase of \$230 per year is a part of the 1983-84 budget devised by the governor designed to help remedy fiscal deficits facing the state. Similar fees for the University of California and state community colleges were also defeated. The total reduction as a result of the committee action is some \$176 million of revenue, more than 10 percent of the original projected deficit for 1982-83.

While it is unreasonable and fiscally inept to insist on continued high quality education without a modicum of increased financing, it is also economic tyranny to hike student fees nearly 300 percent in two short years. California has a long tradition of providing low cost, high quality education that should be kept so at any cost.

What remains in doubt, however, is a clear, bipartisan support of this attitude. Although the Democratically controlled Assembly committee fairly decisively (3-1, one member absent) nixed the increase, the Senate finance subcommittee on education hemmed and hawed Tuesday over the same proposal without making a decision.

It would be nice to believe that the recent activism by California college students, including the statewide rally April 12 at the Capitol, could take some credit for the change of heart. The Legislature is tradi-

tionally more accountable to its constituency, and lawmakers have had an earful of opinion this last six months. But subcommittees also are the epitome of politicking and their action may just be an aberration growing from infighting.

The Deukmejian administration won't blink in its support of the fees. Attending his first CSU Board of Trustees meeting in March, Deukmejian voted against a permanent tuition, but insisted the fees, which he termed temporary, are necessary. It remains to be seen whether his statements were purely political, meant to take some heat off his fee hike plan, or sincere concern for the failing California education system. Again, the latter would be preferred.

The time has come to take a stand on the fee hike issue. Education is the foundation of a sound and a sane society and access to undeniably a right for all. What is needed now is a group of leaders, like the Assembly committee, with enough backbone to say "enough." Applause is due the committee for this display of character.

Of course, it is merely fantasy to believe that because the committee struck down the governors fee proposal the issue will not terrorize CSU students again. The legislative process is a long, arduous and compromising one and a fee hike of some proportion, despite the recent developments, will most likely take effect next fall. Perhaps the stand taken by the Assembly committee, if adopted throughout the state government system, will mitigate the harshness of the magnitude of the increase. It would be a reasonable action whose time has come.

## Send Out The Clowns

With a new cast of characters and, perhaps, a new approach to student government, the 1983-84 ASI roster may well prove lacking in one quality to which we've grown accustomed in the past year: comedic value. The current officers will certainly be a hard act to follow, having stretched an obscure change in the California Government Code into an excuse to hold fewer Senate meetings, having left two Senate seats vacant nearly all semester, having carried on an often stormy feud with the Pan-African Student Union — or did PASU carry on a feud with ASI? At any rate, the 1982-83 ASI has left an indelible impression on CSUS.

Roger Westrup, as ASI's president, has been one of the more colorful student officers in recent history on this campus. Whether he was off to Jamaica to attend a meeting sponsored by (take a breath, now) the Confederation for the Association for the Unity of the Societies of the Americas, or counter-demonstrating at a Mather anti-nuclear blockade, he has had a definite talent for being noticed.

The affiliation of Westrup and other ASI officers with the College Republicans prompted PASU Secretary Taiesha Mukasa to criticize apparent racial bias in the body. The flare-ups in the ASI vs. PASU conflict were at times more entertaining than the 1982 state election campaigns.

The Senate, however, was often a circus unto itself. A new law which took effect in January 1982, requiring ten-day notice of meeting agendas, prompted the Senate to cut back its weekly meetings to

biweekly while other CSU campuses — except Chico and Fresno — simply ignored the law altogether. No one knows what penalty it carries; it is not enforced.

Procedural technicalities fouled up the confirmation of nominees to fill two Senate vacancies, and polarization of conservative and liberal elements added to the mess. In the end, no one was confirmed. The two seats remained unfilled, leaving two sectors of the student body without full representation during the spring 1983 semester. Similar misfires and delays characterized the Senate's work on next year's budget.

Because of poor attendance — the current Senate failed to enact a regulation requiring attendance — final approval of the budget did not occur until an evening session on April 29, a full week after being brought before the body for approval.

The budget, incidentally, reflects apparent displeasure in the outgoing team with *The State Hornet's* coverage of ASI fumbles. Reacting to perceived negative publicity, the corporation reduced funding for the newspaper to less than half its previous allocation.

The function of ASI is to provide responsible student government, just as *The State Hornet's* function is, in part, to report on what goes on in that government. While the new faces in ASI may not match the old for amusement, they will probably find it difficult not to outdo their predecessor's performance. After all, where can ASI go but up?

With luck, we'll never have to find out.

## Fountain Will Add Beauty

An obvious compromise has been reached on the subject of the fountain in front of the library.

Due to the cost to fix a leak in the fountain's system, the decorative water display will only be used approximately 12 times a year for special occasions.

The CSUS Interfraternity Council is to be commended for its efforts to bring the fountain back to life. Unfortunately, their good intentions have been caught in the bureaucracy of the CSU system, and hindered by lack of finances.

The CSUS chapter of Associated General Contractors also deserves plaudits for its support of the idea. The AGC offered their time and services to fix the fountain, but they have been relegated to a supervisory position due to a question of liability.

The goal of the two groups is to eventually repair the fountain so that it can be operational year-round. But despite the \$1,085 raised for that specific purpose, a campus plant operations spokesman said there are no immediate plans to fix the leak.

The CSUS campus is relatively attractive, but it has very few landmarks, that stand out. The fountain, though, is an attraction on campus that can give a visitor to CSUS a favorable lasting impression.

The opponents to having the fountain, run full or part time will say it is too costly to maintain and will waste funds. The waste, in truth, seems to be not using something that is there to be used.

The quad area that the fountain sits in is still a warm, friendly place to sit in. On any fair day it is packed with students between classes.

To have the fountain running most days, though, would add a special ambience to the campus, an ambience that is definitely missing. Most students here at CSUS would most likely admit to a certain amount of pride in their school; it is time for the administration to do the same.

The IFC and the AGC have not given up hope for the attainment of their goal. Their gift must not be treated as a "nice" gesture. This campus must show its appreciation to those groups and individuals who seek to make it a better place for all or these groups and individuals will take their good intentions elsewhere.

## Letters Policy

Letters intended for publication must include the author's rightful signature and address, although names may be withheld upon request and/or at the editor's discretion. The *State Hornet* reserves the right to edit manuscripts for length, style and libel.

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### REDISCOVERING HITLER'S DIARY



"THE GREAT MASSES OF THE PEOPLE... WILL MORE EASILY FALL VICTIMS TO A GREAT LIE THAN TO A SMALL ONE."

-Mein Kampf



## Capital Campus

James W. Sweeney

## Attack On Right To Know

Among the targets of President Reagan's legislative program have been freedom of information guarantees long sought after by the press.

The administration has spear-headed Congressional efforts to rewrite the Freedom of Information Act, pushed through the Agent Identities Protection Act, required government employees to sign non-disclosure agreements, required lie detector tests for those suspected of leaking information to the press and enlarged the scope of information protected by government secrecy classifications.

Newspapers have noted all of these recent decisions, and protested most of them, when they were made. Yet little consideration appears to have been made of the chilling effect they cumulatively have on the public's right to know.

Speaking to the American Newspaper Publishers Association in New York recently, Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan, D-N.Y., urged members to "fight like tigers" against these attempts to limit the free flow of information.

"There is truly a menacing atmosphere gathering in Washington. Freedom of the press, freedom of information is under attack. It is time some of you tigers roared," Moynihan told the delegates to ANPA's annual convention.

To help in the fight, Moynihan said he plans to propose a constitutional amendment to prevent Congress from stripping the Supreme Court's right of review over First Amendment and other Bill of Rights cases.

Currently, Article III, Section 2 of the Constitution gives Congress the authority to determine the Supreme Court's jurisdiction.

Although Congress has never forbid the court to hear cases on any particular subject, an attempt was made last summer. Sen. Jesse Helms, R-N.C., advanced a bill to deny the high court jurisdiction over any case regarding voluntary prayer in public schools.

A filibuster led by Republicans Sens. Lowell Weicker of Connecticut and Robert Packwood of Oregon forced Helms to drop the bill. However, Moynihan noted that when Helms attempted to invoke cloture and end the filibuster he managed to pick up more than 50 votes. Although this was insufficient for cloture, which requires 60, it would have been enough to pass the bill.

Thus, the Senate appears willing to restrict the purview of the Supreme Court — a dangerous precedent in itself. But, even more dangerous is the possibility of watering down First Amendment guarantees any further.

Without Moynihan's amendment, Congress could conceivably make a law abridging free speech, press or any of the guarantees and deny the Supreme Court the chance to rule on its constitutionality.

However, as any supporter of the ERA can tell you amending the Constitution is not an easy process. The document has been amended only 26 times since it was ratified in 1789, the last coming more than a decade ago.

Yet, considering the gravity of the attack on the flow of information, Moynihan's amendment seems worthy of passage.

The president time and again has denied he wants to reduce public access to information, but his statements do not hold up under close scrutiny.

Decisions by Interior Secretary James G. Watt, former National Security Advisor Richard V. Allen and numerous Environmental Protection Agency officials have been made in the dark and material has rarely been provided for the press without extreme pressure or the help of leaks — which Reagan has repeatedly deplored.

A close look at administration-backed moves shows it is now illegal to identify a covert agent, even in a news story intended to inform, but not to harm national security. It is a federal crime even if the name is gleaned from a public document. This, in essence, is the first-ever American secrets act and the worst infringement on the press since the Alien and Sedition Act ended almost 200 years ago.

Not only are government employees now susceptible to lie detector tests, they must get advance permission to write about their experiences in government, even after they leave public service. This is no more than prior restraint and is a repugnant law, which will make it difficult for the public to learn the truth about important issues, such as the Vietnam War and the EPA scandal.

The government has always been eager to stamp "secret" on every document, especially those that are potentially embarrassing. Despite the protestations that no document will be sealed for strictly political purposes, a look at the Watergate tapes, for which President Nixon claimed national security protection, proves damaging material will be covered up whenever and wherever possible.

The administration's shocking attack on the public's right to know threatens the foundation of our political society, by placing the government above the populace and the law. Every effort must be made to protect access to government documents and reverse the trend of doing the public's business in secret.

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Nolan Del Campo

## Covering The President

When U.S. Rep. Vic Fazio spoke on the CSUS campus last semester, he pointed out that President Reagan's success in securing the cooperation of the Congress can be traced to his ability to induce the support of the public. Fazio would have been accurate if he had taken his idea one step further and applied it to the press as well.

Two incidents last week that were the subject of much media attention are excellent examples of Reagan's ability to steer the tide of media coverage in directions he finds suitable.

The incidents I refer to are the House's vote Wednesday calling for an immediate effort to negotiate a nuclear weapons freeze with the Soviet Union and the House Armed Services Committee's authorization of the defense budget for fiscal 1984.

While the mainstream American press portrayed both events as major setbacks for Reagan saying his policies on defense spending and nuclear war were rebuffed, in reality neither vote will have much effect on either serious arms control talks with the Soviet Union or future defense outlays.

There are several reasons why the freeze resolution passed in the House is practically worthless. First, before reaching the president's desk, the measure will require the approval of the GOP-controlled Senate. In the unlikely event that the Senate approves the bill, Reagan would then surely veto it as he has promised. Finally, as California Rep. Tony Coelho D-Merced, has said, the amendment added onto the bill at the last second by Rep. Elliot Levitas, D-Ga., to link the freeze to subsequent reductions in nuclear arms, "takes the guts out of the resolution." Levitas' amendment permits the annulment of a U.S.-USSR freeze if the superpowers can't reach an agreement on a follow-up treaty to reduce nuclear arsenals

within a reasonable period of time. In other words, an administration that is averse to the freeze could effectively stall negotiations on a subsequent agreement and after a certain amount of time, the freeze would be annulled.

Yet these factors did not deter Reagan from vehemently de-



nouncing the resolution. Defying logic and conclusive evidence to the contrary, Reagan said the freeze would "lock the United States into a position of strategic inferiority." Most strategic analysts outside of the administration agree that a rough parity now exists between U.S. and Soviet strategic arsenals and some suggest that in fact the U.S. has a slight advantage because of its diversified deployment system, the triad, whereas the Soviets rely heavily on land-based ICBMs.

In regard to the defense budget, the amount authorized by the House committee is \$10.5 billion less than Reagan had proposed. But while the press highlighted this aspect, less emphasis was placed on the fact that the bill included all the major weapons programs Reagan sought. This included \$4.56 billion for procurement, research and development of the MX missile. Because the amount authorized is 6 percent

higher after inflation than the amount allocated this year, instead of the 10 percent increase Reagan had sought, he voiced his disapproval and the press portrayed the incident as a Reagan defeat. No matter that the measure approved is \$10 billion higher than the counterpart measure enacted this year. A General Accounting Office report released Friday noted that in the three fiscal years from 1980-1983 the overall defense department annual budget had increased by \$100 billion.

In the two cases discussed I have tried to show how Reagan, by taking a hard-line stance, has influenced media coverage of the issues. It is not that the press did not present the pertinent information; the problem is in how the information was presented. It would be inaccurate to imply that these two examples were a deviation from the norm, however. That's what makes me so angry. The two cases cited are just the most recent examples of what has been going on since Reagan took office.

In the initial battle over the MX missile for example, Reagan managed to focus the debate on how the missile was to be based, instead of whether or not the missile was needed. So when "Dense Pack" was shot down the press said Reagan lost another round. But \$2.5 billion was allocated for the continued development of the MX. Reagan also received all monies for every other proposed weapons system he sought last year. So Reagan may have lost a particular battle, but he continued winning the war.

Reagan will keep on winning the war until the American press realizes what is going on and makes a conscious effort to provide more complete coverage of rhetorical events, especially those that involve our President.

## PLANNING FOREIGN POLICY FOR EL SALVADOR



## Letters

### The Other Side

Editor,

It hurts me to read Peter A. Griffin's letter concerning the CSUS Women's Studies Program (April 28, 1983). Here is a man who clearly feels a great deal of fear, anger and resentment toward women. I can only wonder what it must be like for the women who deal with him on a regular basis, as students or as co-workers.

The attitude expressed in Mr. Griffin's letter exemplifies a common stumbling block for men — insistence on remaining caught in the insidious trap of male primacy. (This is one of the many issues women's studies grapples with.) Yet I firmly believe that men — including Mr. Griffin — can become happy, whole people if they will only learn to share, in the fullest sense of the word.

It is distressing that Mr. Griffin, a professor, has such a narrow concept of what constitutes education, exposing students to new ideas, challenging them to

think for themselves and to question old assumptions, assisting them to develop healthy attitudes and skills for coping with life and other human beings — surely this is part of the university's responsibility to its students. Women's studies offers such exposure, challenge and assistance, to both women and men.

Mr. Griffin probably would have more to offer the university community (not to mention himself) if he could confront his own fears of women and let go of them. Whether or not he chooses to do so, however, he has a responsibility as an educator not to allow those fears to diminish the educational options of thousands of students.

Carol N. Coan

### Budget Priorities

Editor,

There is something very wrong with a system that

finds it necessary to spend \$5000 and a van, plus maintenance, to support women to cheer for men in sports that are attended by only a small percentage of students.

Most women and many men participate in sports for the benefits they personally derive from sports. And that's as it should be. If football players don't care to participate in football unless there's someone there to cheer them, then maybe football is a sport whose time has come and gone. And well it should. It is sexist and entirely too expensive for the amount of interest it generates. And why should male basketball players get more cheering than female basketball players?

Of the poor in this country, 2 out of 3 are females so

obviously being trained to be a male support system has little financial reward for females. Are students in school to learn how to perpetuate the patriarchy or to learn how to live meaningful lives as independent human beings.

As a fee-paying student, I vote to give the State

Hornet the \$5000 allocated to the Pep Squad. The newspaper is far more beneficial and accessible to the majority of students, both female and male, than sports have ever been. Giving the Hornet only \$2050 plus a matching advertising grant to publish a bi-weekly paper for a campus as large as ours is really absurd.

Budget decisions are difficult to make but keeping in mind who is paying the fees and serving the majority of the fee-payers should make the decisions easier.

Jean Richards

### Unfounded Allegations?

Editor,

I am an independent candidate for business senator. Regarding the allegations in the Hornet that Presidential candidate Ron Pizer cheated on the Constitution test, I would have to say would have been impossible. The room where the test was given was quite crowded and cheating would have been detected. I also believe Ron Pizer got the highest score on the test. If this is true, I don't see how he could have cheated off other people during the test.

Michael W. Perry

## Commentary

## Technology Outdistances Morality

By Linda Campbell

Two items appear in the same column in the current issue of *Ms. Magazine*. One concerns a Women in Space conference planned for the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, coinciding with the upcoming space flight of America's first female astronaut, Dr. Sally Ride. The second item reported that Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi recently became the first African leader to oppose clitoridectomy, or female circumcision, following the death from hemorrhaging of 14 young girls on whom clitoridectomies had previously been performed.

The juxtaposition of these two items serves to point out the enormous inconsistencies within the women's movement. The strides we have made are extraordinary, but the problems we still face sometimes seem insurmountable. We can put a woman in space, but we can't keep her body from being mutilated.

The medical maltreatment of women has a long and sordid history. The decline of midwifery and the rise of the male dominated medical profession in America resulted in women being diagnosed and treated by men who, because of the popular sexual mythology of their day, had little actual knowledge of

the bodies or minds of women. Inevitably, this led to medical malpractice by doctors toward women, much of which was truly barbarous.

Women have continually been over-tranquilized and forced into an unhealthy dependence on their doctors, and worse still, they have been unwitting guinea pigs in medical "experiments." One horrifying instance that is still discussed in medical circles happened when a researcher, seeking to find out if the effects of the birth control pill were merely psychological, substituted placebos for the pills being given to non-English speaking women at a free clinic. The disastrous results are easy to imagine. Somehow, this researcher viewed unwanted children as just unfortunate side effects of research. Obviously, if the drug had been useful in keeping men from getting heart attacks, this kind of study would never have been attempted, but because it was women and reproduction, it was too easy to dismiss as unimportant the patient's consideration.

The most flagrant example of the almost complete disregard for female patient's rights and feelings is the not-uncommon practice of sterilization without the knowledge or consent of the patient. The scenario runs something like this: a poor, non-English speaking woman comes into the hospital to give birth. She

already has a number of other children, so after the delivery, the doctor prescribes birth control pills and has an interpreter tell her how to take them. In a little less than a year she is back, giving birth to yet another child, and this time the physician, noting that she was supposed to be on the pill and that this is her fifth or sixth child, decides that he will take matters into his own hands. This time, after she delivers her baby and is still under sedation, he sterilizes her, he ties her tubes. What he didn't do, of course, was ask his patient if she wanted to be sterilized. The physician took it upon himself to decide the future of the woman and her family, and he undoubtedly saw it as completely within the realm of his expertise.

To call this attitude paternalistic is not to do it justice. Sterilization without permission is all right for puppies and kittens, but not for human beings, not for minority women, and not for women of the Third World. Overpopulation is a symptom of ignorance, and usurping a woman's right to choose her destiny will not help the problem.

Physicians are in a position of extraordinary power. Whether that power is used to help relieve suffering or to cause more is up to the individual physician. It's too bad that all the enormous advances in science and technology have not been met by advances in our own morality.

### Open Letter

Editor,

The following is an open letter to the Progressive Alliance.

The United States has as its foundations the ideas of freedom of speech and to hold differing viewpoints without persecution. College campuses should exemplify this viewpoint. However, your statements (*State Hornet*, April 7) regarding removal of ROTC from this campus are contradictory to the ideals of college to which you purport to ascribe.

Being essentially impartial with respect to active groups on this campus, I must wonder whether your alliance is actually "progressive" as inferred. The rationale behind elimination of groups simply because another group has opposing viewpoints would not be progressive in the least, and could result (if actually implemented in university policy) in the elimination of your group and any of the other groups of mutually differing viewpoint.

Let us be glad that we have freedoms to hold and express differing views without persecution. Progress is not realized in society by blind adherence to any doctrine or dogma and elimination of all others. Persecution for opinion (you have no substantial evidence to offer — only extrapolations) leads to the very same "death and destruction" you write of in too many revolutionary societies.

P.N.



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# In Touch

Four major poets from four ethnic groups will give readings on May 13 in the California Suite of the University Union. The event will begin at 1 p.m. and end at 3 p.m. Admission is free.

Run for the Health of It is a five mile run sponsored by Jason & Son and Hansen's on Sunday, June 26. The race will begin at 9 a.m. sharp. The entry fee is \$6 before June 1 and \$8 on the day of the race. For more information, please call 965-9453

A tour of the 58th Annual Crocker-Kingsley Exhibition will be given by show chairman Ilse Spivek and co-chairman Joan Hamill, at the Wednesday, May 18 meeting of the Kingsley Art Club. Crocker Art Museum at 1:30 p.m. Refreshments will be served. All interested persons are welcome to attend.

Attention members of College Republicans. The election for the office of Vice-President will be today at noon, in the University Union, Mwak Room. All members are encouraged to attend.

CalPIRG: The largest consumer, environmental, research and lobby group in California is directed by students! Get involved! Current issues include utility reform and toxic waste safety. Internships are available. Call CalPIRG at 441-1232, ask for Liz or Amy.

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Readings by local and Bay Area Native American and Chicano poets will be held at the Oddfellows Hall on Friday, May 13 at 7:30 p.m. The Hall is located at 1029 9th Street. Admission is free.

Visit Japan this summer without leaving your own home. Homestay America, an academic exchange program, offers a special kind of cultural opportunity. Beginning July 21, thirty Japanese college-age students will arrive in Sacramento for a three-week stay of academic learning and travel. Each weekday morning the students receive three hours of English instruction, while afternoons and evenings are scheduled for frequent historical or cultural tours. To complete their American experience, they stay with Sacramento area host families and learn the ways of American family life. Anyone wanting more information or wishing to participate in this non-profit program may contact Erica Baldwin at 487-6988

Beginning and intermediate level computer classes will be offered by Kids-On-Kampus at four Sacramento area schools this summer. Classes will meet from 2-4 p.m. Monday thru Friday. Intermediate-level computer instruction will be offered at California Middle School June 17-24. Mariemont School July 5-8. Caroline Wenzel School July 11-14, and California State University, Sacramento August 1-5. Computer classes for beginners will be offered July 25-29 from 2-4 p.m. at California State University, Sacramento. The fee is \$35 per week. To register, call the Kids-On-Kampus office at 989-1543.

The deadline for checking in locks, clothing, or towels to the Men's and Women's Issue Rooms in the Physical Education Building is May 13. There will be a \$5 fine for materials returned later than that.



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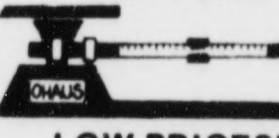
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# Objects d'Art

*Campus Art  
Has Variety*

PHOTOS AND TEXT  
By Denny Maple

Hidden behind buildings, much campus art escapes the attention of the CSUS community.

A ceramic tower graces the art building (upper left).

Sitting in the art lab parking lot, surrounded by broken glass and weeds, a modern sculpture wastes away (upper right). A few steps in the darkroom removed the rust, and all that remains is the stark outline of the sculpture.

At right is the familiar sculpture in front of the science building that students and faculty members pass by daily.

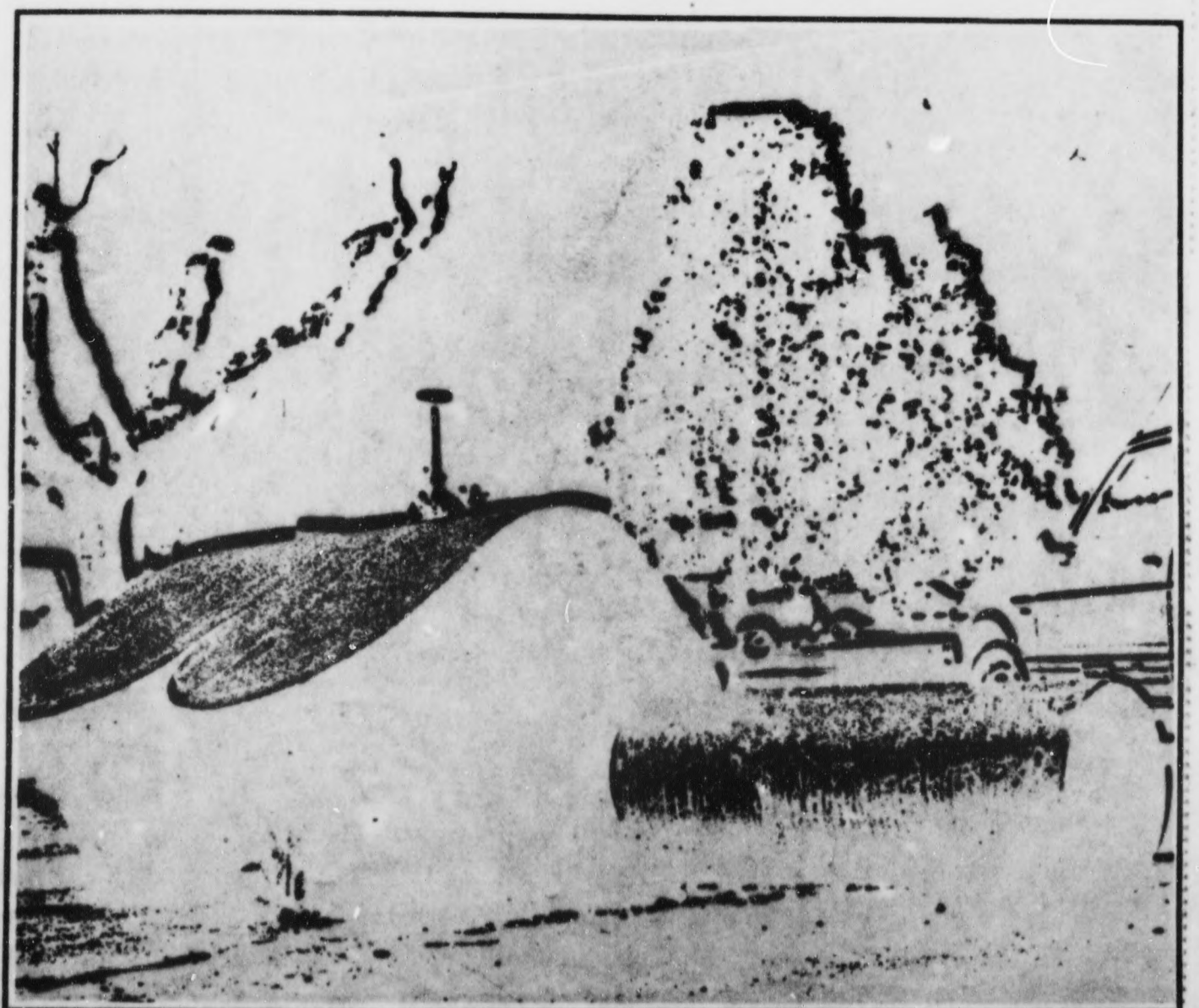
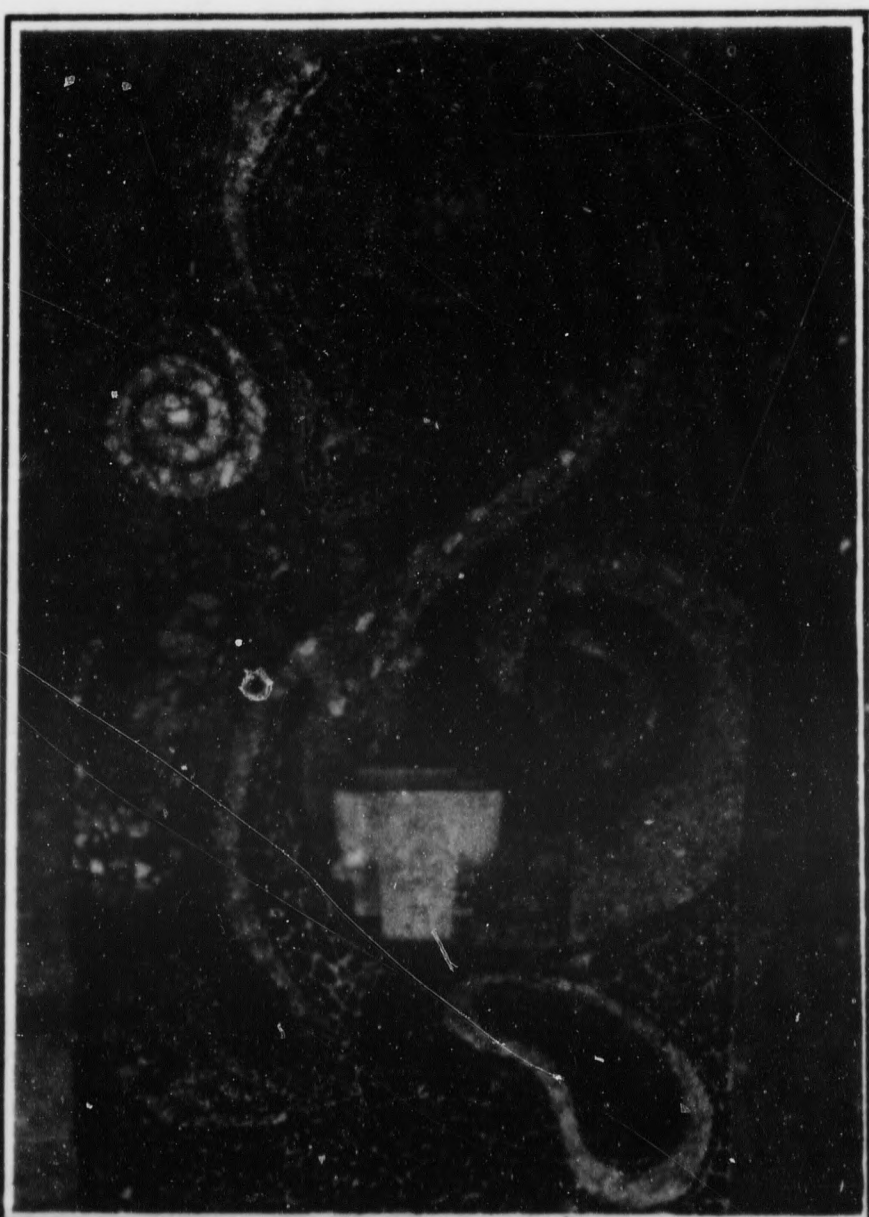


The photo in the lower right corner is known as a bas-relief. This is done by taking a positive and negative image and then combining the two.

Care for a fancy drink of water? Just head over to the home economic building, where this colorful tiled mural surrounds the drinking fountain.

These two people live in front of the art building, where their thin, wooden bodies have been part of the scenery for a number of years.

At left a bust of a young lady. The artist is unknown, but the work is excellent.





# Robbins

Continued From Page 1

The governor's budget proposal only includes \$3.1 billion and fee increase proposals approximately equal to the revenue goal of the Robbins bill.

An Assembly budget subcommittee has rejected the fee hike plans, while a Senate Finance subcommittee Monday approved a \$1 fee increase simply to keep the question alive for debate.

Students at California State Universities face a \$230 annual increase under the governor's proposal, bringing fees to \$670. Community college students are facing a first-time-ever \$100 per year fee and the regents at University of California have already approved a \$191 fee increase for next year — some \$40 more than Gov. Deukmejian suggested.

UC students now pay about \$1,400 per year and regents last week threatened to hike tuition even further, unless the Legisla-

tive increases its \$1.2 billion proposed allocation.

The Robbins bill came in response to these fee hike proposals and although it contains no language requiring the fee hikes to be rescinded, Robbins said he has reached agreements with all three governing bodies to cancel them if the tax takes effect this summer.

On three previous trips to the finance committee, Robbins was unable to win the eight votes needed to pass out of the 15-member panel.

However, Monday Robbins was able to win important support when state Sen. John Garamendi, D-Walnut Grove, voted in favor of the bill (SB 161).

Garamendi had previously abstained from voting, fearing the Robbins bill would have an adverse affect on other tax measures, especially a K-12 reform package sponsored by state Sen. Gary Hart, D-Santa Barbara.

The Hart measure, which increases several taxes including the sales, alcohol and cigarette taxes, places a surcharge on the bank and corporation tax and eliminates the sales tax exemption for candy and gum, will raise some \$700 million to fund sweeping reforms of K-12 education.

Among its provisions, the bill will increase the school day, the

school year, redefine teacher competency standards and push for a minimum \$18,000 per year salary for teachers.

Hart's measure, SB 813, passed the committee on a 10-1 vote Monday opening the way for the Robbins measure to pass. It had been held up on two previous occasions pending the outcome of the Hart bill.

# Winners

Continued From Page 1

no holds barred up till now.

According to Currier, attendance, which has been a problem in the past, will not be so next year.

"You can count on us not to need an attendance bill," said Currier. "The senators who don't pull their weight won't get paid. It's not the hundred bucks (senatorial stipend) it's the principle of the thing."

Pizer also said that he would consult with past ASI presidents to

gain greater insight into procedure in ASI. "I have the ideas," he said, "but not the expertise with ASI regulations to implement them."

If, as predicted, this proposition passes, it will not affect the current rash of complaints to the Board of Justice. The board is tentatively scheduled to meet May 17 to decide numerous campaign complaints brought by various candidates.

# Studies

Continued From Page 3

grams who only offered minors didn't have the right to their own section."

Martin is the only full-time faculty in the program and she said that although it's going to be difficult, she plans on "revitalizing the program next year."

Another program that is struggling is CSU Sonoma. Their program began in 1971, but they did not start offering a minor until 4 years ago.

"There is a controversial relationship between our program and the university," said Kay Trimmerberger, coordinator of the women's studies program at Sonoma, "although the program is popular among students."

The controversy started four years ago, according to Trimmerberger, when the university "attempted to do away with the program."

Sonoma students protested and rallied against the decision and the university agreed to maintain the program for three years and then evaluate it. The program is in its second year and Trimmerberger is confident that the program will be renewed.

However, like CSULA, Trimmerberger is the only full-time faculty member for the program.

"We need to build the program so there is more than one full-time position."

By far the most controversial program has been at CSU Long Beach. Numerous law suits and a \$1 million fine resolved by a state senate finance committee topped the list of problems the Long Beach women's studies program had to face last May.

Because of complaints started by a part-time student who was a

parishioner from Grace Brethren, the women's studies courses underwent a number of investigations.

The student said she was concerned "about what seemed to be a serious lack of political and sexual balance in the women's studies department."

The dean of the school of social and behavioral sciences told Sandra Hale, director of CSULB's women's studies department at the time, that the program was too political. The dean advised Hale that she "was going to have to start hiring fewer community activists and more people with academic degrees."

Hale was upset at the university's intent to depoliticize women's studies.

"Political activism is the essence of the program, as is for many fledgling disciplines," said Hale.

"Unlike other departments, women's studies is not only the study of women it is also the pursuit of knowledge for women."

"It is more than an everyday academic discipline. It is the academic arm of the women's movement," Hale said.

But, the future of the women's studies department at CSULB is currently in limbo. Many courses are in the process of reevaluation or are being dropped all together. The department's major has also been suspended.

Perhaps one of the most successful women's studies programs

within the system is at San Francisco.

Unlike Long Beach, CSUSF offers 50 different majors in women's studies.

"Ours is a strong program," said Debra Rosenfelt, director of CSUSF's women's studies program.

Rosenfelt said the program's strength is due to the number of women who are respected in the university and community, both as scholars and activists.

"People here see that academic and feminist ideas can be combined so a person can be both," said Rosenfelt.

"We are very careful to maintain balance between feminist and academic processes."

"Our policies are shaped by the input from students, faculty and staff."

Rosenfelt said that the structure of the department is committee-oriented.

"We have a division of labor so

that the same people aren't planning curriculum and hiring staff."

"You might say we are conservative in our structure."

Despite the program's conservative structures, Rosenfelt said, "we have still upheld our commitment to community service and our curriculum is radical."

Unlike most programs, CSUSF has four full-time faculty positions and the university seems to support its program because, according to Rosenfelt, its structure is a facade that appears to be non-radical.

"I guess you could say we've gone along with the traditional university system, but only in structure, not in content," Rosenfelt said. "And we haven't had any major conflicts either, so our methods must be working."

# Fees

Continued From Page 1

Sen. Walter W. Stiern, D-Bakersfield, said, "If we are increasing the fees, what are we using the money for? Are we using the students as a means of making up the state budget?"

Stiern referred to Deukmejian's fee proposals as "just flat out asking the students to pick up the deficit in the state budget." The state faces a deficit of up to \$1 billion, although recent administration forecasts are brighter.

In related action, the panel voted to reject a proposal to erase the distinction between student fees and tuition charges. The subcommittee also accepted two graduate differential proposals made by the legislative analyst.

According to Burri, money spent on student services has remained at a stable level, while funds for academic programs has dropped. She said a large amount of student fees are not applied to the actual cost of instruction.

The analyst's office said a consolidation of student fees and tuition would make money available in a general postsecondary education fund for UC, CSU and community colleges. This money could be used to pay for programs of immediate academic importance.

Sen. Ken Maddy, R-Fresno, said the legislative analysts recommendation would "blur the tuition fee issue." He said if the two funds were combined, the state would lose its "handle" on how student money is spent.

With its rejection by the finance committee the tuition-fee merger is officially dead. The Assembly

subcommittee on education did not act on the measure when it was proposed to them, meaning it will not be considered by the legislative conference committee.

The finance subcommittee voted to accept in full two graduate differential items which could mean a 10-30 percent fee increase for UC and CSU graduate students. A differential is a fee imposed on graduate students intended to recover the higher cost of graduate programs.

The first differential is a 10 percent increase to all graduate students. This would be the first graduate differential imposed on CSU students.

The second is a 20 percent added differential for medical dental, veterinary and law students. This is a fee charged above the original 10 percent.

The differential would not be as large as expected if the Assembly and the Senate finance subcommittee stands on lower student fees are finally implemented by the Legislature.

"If students want a graduate degree, they'll find the money," Maddy said. "I don't have the tuition problem at the graduate level. There's a lot of ways to skin a cat. Why not charge them for it?"

The graduate differentials addition to the student fee proposals, must pass the full Senate finance committee and the Assembly before reaching the budget conference committee.

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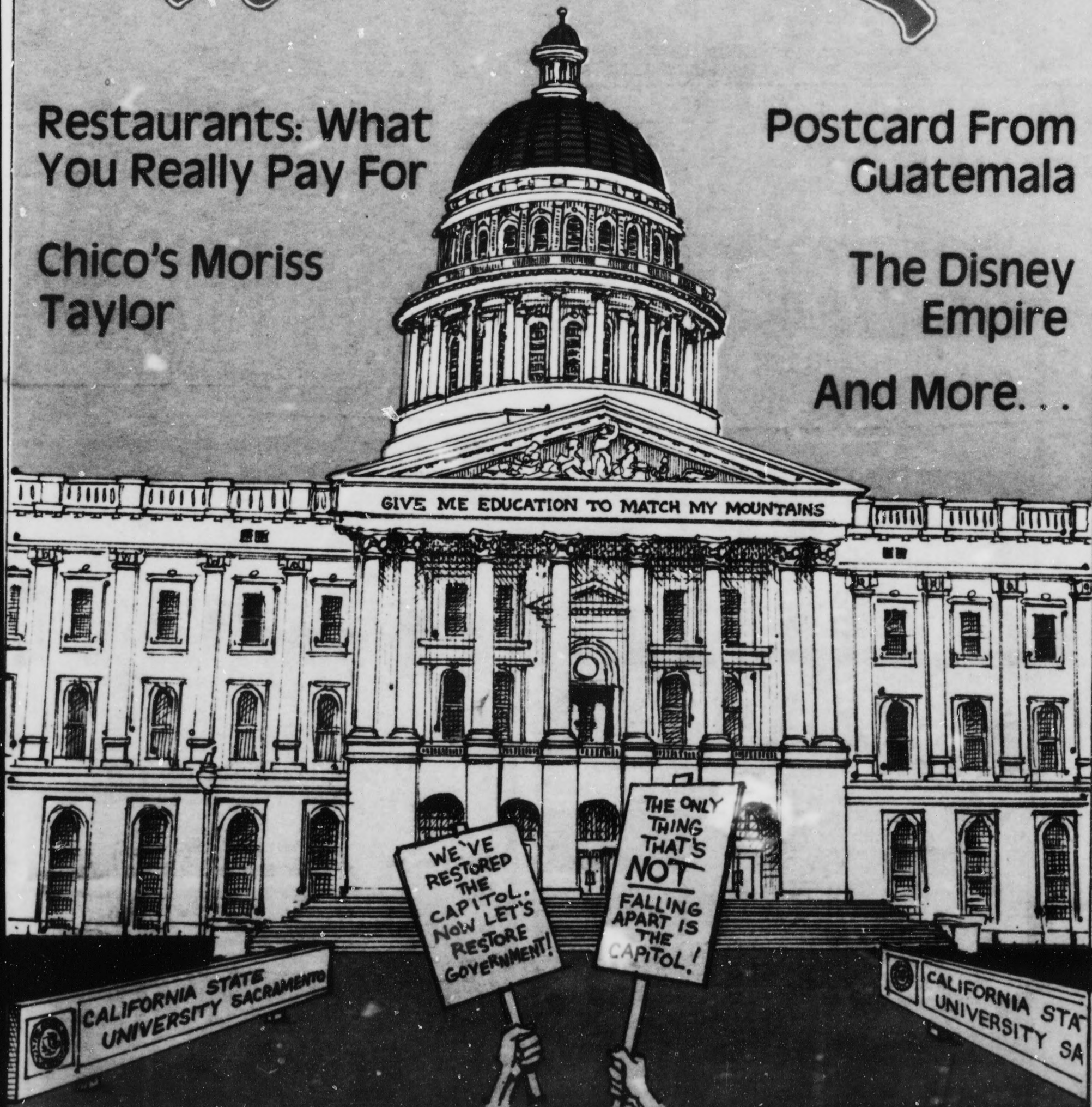
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*Crosscurrents*

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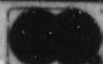
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### Singing In The Rain

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It's another. Some are better than others

Fiction by Lise Martin

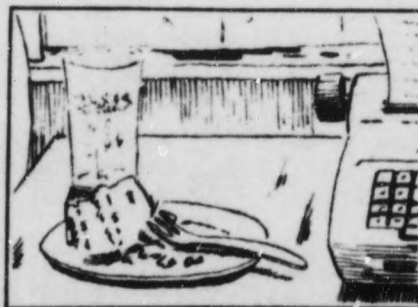
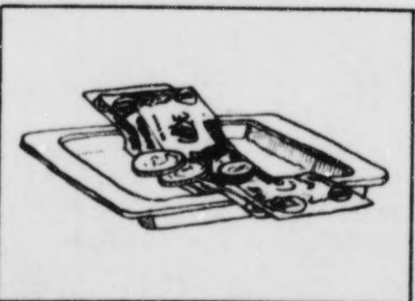
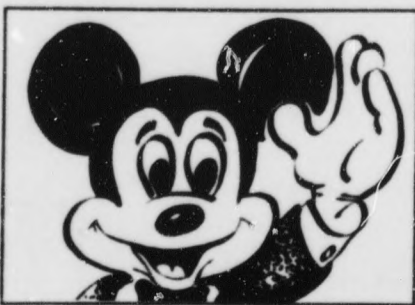
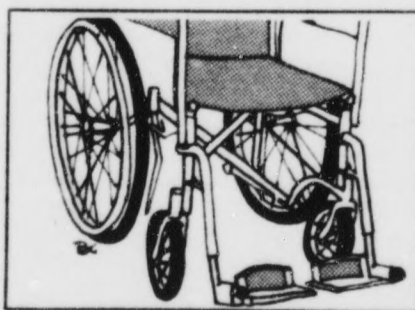
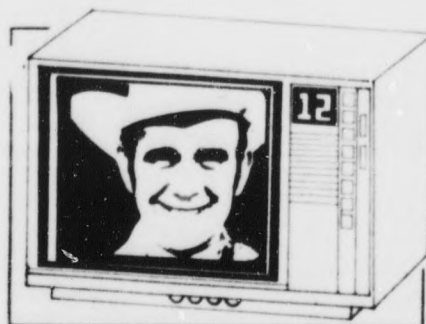
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### Holiday In Guatemala

Hi! Wish you were here. Central America  
is really beautiful. Disregard the blood stains

Satire by R. G. Makabe

11



## First Word

by Robert Price

The curse.

It was fact. As plain and pure a truth  
as one plus one.

The end to this one-year marriage to  
my typewriter was drawing nigh, but not  
without the ill effects I had been warned  
about.

Here it was, two-thirty in the morning,  
and the five of us were dancing in a circle  
around the carcass of a sacrificed type  
writer, whooping up into the black-blue  
early May sky.

The Unfortunate One was a Remington,  
I think. Or perhaps a Royal. Long  
diagnosed by the experts as terminal, the  
Unfortunate One clearly had it coming.

"We don't even stock ribbon cart  
ridges that fit these anymore," the repair  
man had said. "As for the other parts  
... well, what do you guys know about  
travel through space and time?" He  
sounded grim and finalistic.

So tonight, this was clearly a case of  
euthanasia.

The ceremony was meant to be a  
cleansing. But we could not cleanse our-  
selves. I, for one, was painfully aware of  
one major project that lay ahead.

Crosscurrents.

The campus literary community  
would bypass my appeal for contribu-  
tions, I was sure. We would be up all  
night, I could see it. Creativity at four  
a.m., no problem. Just ask my Journal-  
ism 130 teacher. She'll tell you how well  
I write at four a.m.

Two days later, however, the tide  
began to turn.

Lise Martin called. I have something  
for you, she said. A short story. "Singing  
In The Rain" is a story I very much iden-  
tify with. It's a story about writing and  
about distractions. I know a lot about the  
latter and very little about the former.  
Lise knows a lot about both.

Her story begins on page 10.

Then Kevin McGehee put something  
on my desk for this magazine: "The Man  
From THEM." Kevin is the guy that iden-  
tified himself on local television as "team  
weirdo" after his foursome's victory in the  
February Trivia Bowl here on campus.  
Enough said about Kevin.

His parody is on page 6.

Rob Wells was in Chico a short time  
ago. He caught The Moriss Taylor Show  
on Chico's channel 12, and between  
chuckles, decided, along with his sister,  
to go to one of Moriss' live shows.

That night, after a few mumbled jeers,  
Rob realized he had made a serious mis-  
take. His admission of guilt starts on  
page 5.

Amity Hyde visited a victim  
of Huntington's Disease and witnessed  
what it has done to both him and his  
wife. Her story begins on page 8.

I thank these contributors for their fine  
work and for allowing me rest I need so  
badly. Now if I can just pass Journalism  
130 ...

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George The Traffic Cop ... 26    Walleyball ... 27    Poetry ... 23, 25, 29, 30



# Cocaine

Conjuring cleanliness  
on the shine,  
the design of the mirror.  
Bright silver spoon  
or tubular new bill  
rest alongside  
the virginal white hill.

Pervasive precision,  
as a gram of the drug  
that mellows kings  
assembles in lines of inches  
to be vacuumed by noses trained  
to suck hard  
and savor.

Winter remembered,  
as grains  
of the bittersweet snow  
numb nostrils and mouth  
like sense-stirring cold  
kills flowers  
and browns trees.

— Tom Dresslar

# the food chain

nonpeople  
don't cry  
head b  
o  
w  
ed

nonpeople  
lay prone  
eyes closed  
nonpeople  
don't smell  
the sad flowers  
because nonpeople  
are busy  
making friends  
with the worms  
a little girl asks me  
why are all the gulls here?  
eating worms kiddo  
eating worms

— J. Rogers

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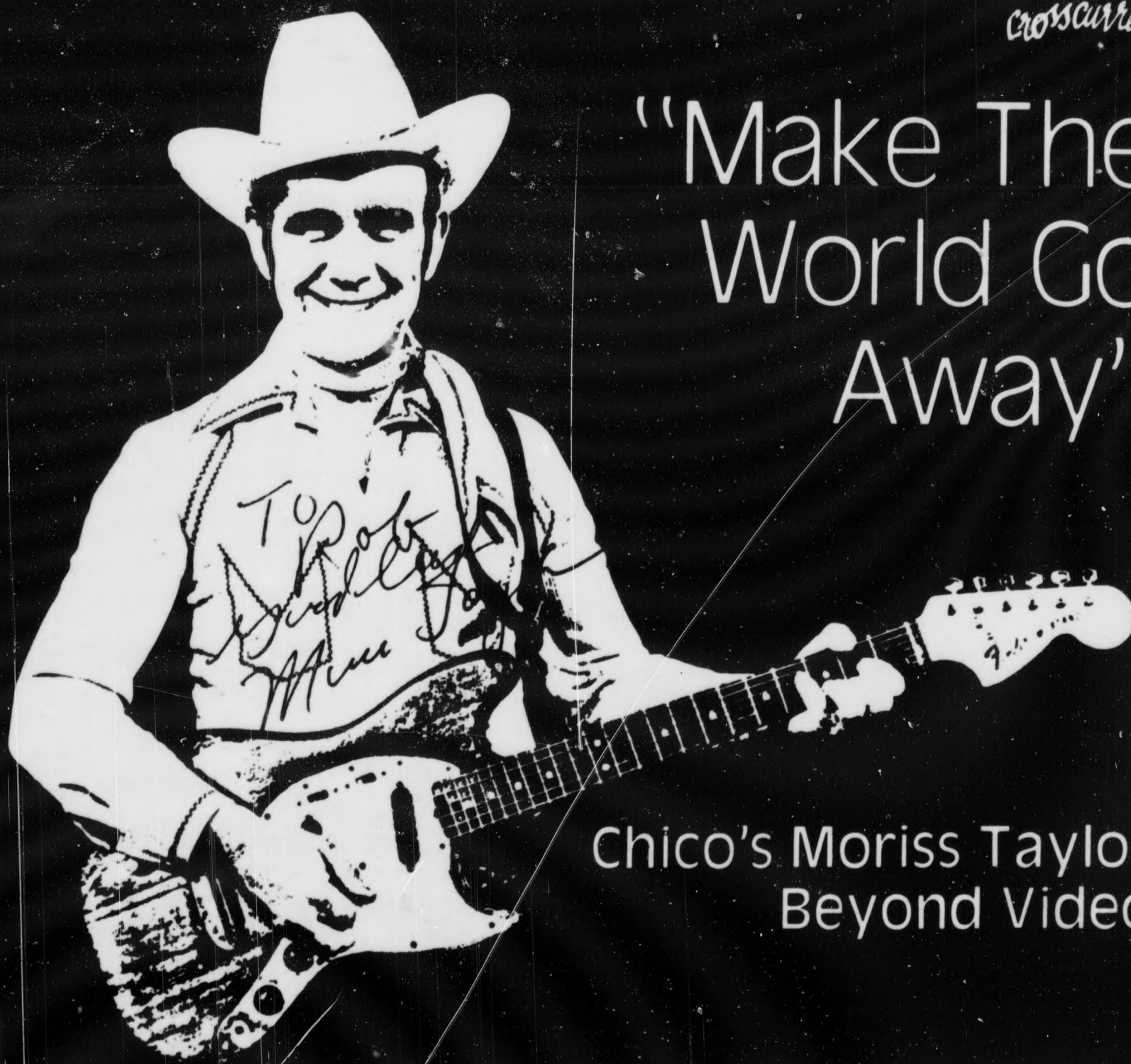
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# "Make The World Go Away"



## Chico's Moriss Taylor Beyond Video

**Chico — "C'mon — Change the channel back! Yeah, the cowboy. . ."** Country music bounces out of the T.V. speaker. Some local musicians with cowboy hats and western wear strum guitars and sing. It's hilarious. Fake cardboard scenery, plastic plants and terrible jokes, this is local television.

The music is good, but they look like polyester artifacts from some lost American decade — impeccably tacky with little effort. Their television appearance replays the spirit of motorhomes, Sunday church and five percent interest rates; vanishing monuments on this modern landscape.

The show ends with a friendly invitation — "So come on up to Corning tonite at 9 p.m. to the Miner's Inn and hear our band. Y'all have a good evenin'!!!" The whole cast waves goodbye on the black and white screen, real friendly, charming.

It's almost Saturday night, and with nothing better planned ("We could go bowling" "Shut up" "It'd be better than a frat party. . ." "Yeah, O.K."), We decide to travel through the rain to Corning. Rotting at the video altar seems like the only other option available, and God knows how tedious that is. The adventure ahead holds the same funky attraction as stock car races, big time wrestling or Sunday flea markets. We leave Chico as a pair of bored, sarcastic suburbanites. Corning changed us.

**A**t a dark wall table, we're ready, armed with 7-ups and cigarettes, for an evening of surreal parody. "Where's the cardboard scenery? The plastic plants? Blonde beehives? Heh-heh-heh. . ." We couldn't muster that biting sarcasm with Moriss Taylor 10 feet in front of us, strumming his electric guitar. First, he was a human being, not a video image; second, he was good.

"We'll be hand in hand again/blue eyes cryin' in the rain. . ." Moriss croons, adds a real pretty guitar solo and the band flows right along with him. Good sound.

This was no longer Channel 12 Chico television, piped into insulated college living rooms, this is the Miner's Inn, live, Saturday night, Corning! Another planet, a half-hour north of Chico on Interstate Five. Aftershave and brylcreem, polyester and perfume, greyhair and John Deere caps, cash register clatter and a slow country waltz: an old couple tenderly sways past the American flag.

Just a short step beyond television, we

have entered a museum — living, breathing, talking, eating, sweating, dancing — history.

Once atrophied, old country standards are revived tonite, Moriss and the band putting some of the old emotional punch back into these tired tunes.

"Make the world go away/take it off of my shoulders. . ." Moriss sings and everybody's listening, pondering, reflective. Down home the song sticks: new semesters and lost girlfriends, long bus rides, old bars and outside, pounding down, just more cold January rain. .

The song ends with deserved and hearty applause — an audience of thirty, scattered around a boxy banquet room, whoops it up near a dim, mumbling bar.

"Thank you, thank you, friends. We're glad you're hangin' around." Moriss smiles. He grins real big at my sister; she blushes. The band begins an upbeat tune, Creedence Clearwater's "Proud Mary," with the drummer singing. Someone's Grandma in the front row holds her ears, shaking her head from the volume. She complains to a bearded guy next to her, but he just shrugs and sips a Bud longneck.

The pudgy bass player, with string tie, nods and grins to a few friends as they take a front row table; the band knows most everyone in the room. Another song ends

and couples saunter back to small cocktail tables. The bearded man next to the Grandma shouts "Hey Moriss, play some Roger Miller!!! Roger Miller!!! C'mon, King Of The Road! C, G, F. . ."

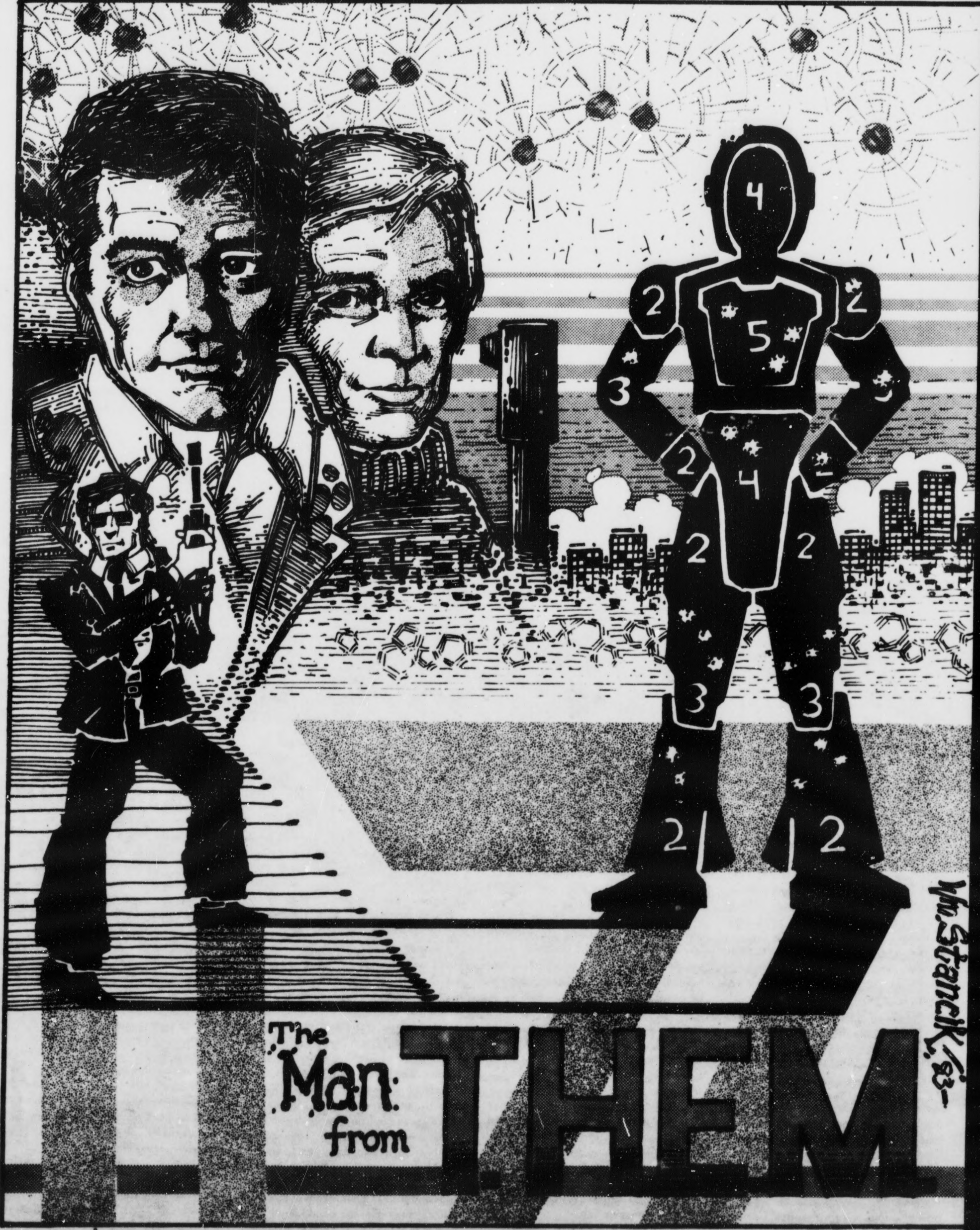
Moriss nods, looks at the floor and slides over to Ray with the fender bass. "O.K., Ray, in C. . ." The song begins, bouncing along like a Coors can in the bed of a pickup. Scanning the room, everyone's pretty subdued, but happy. Locals share chuckles, smoke cigarettes and peel beer bottle labels. For some curious reason, the Miner's Inn is awfully compelling tonite; dry, away from the rain and cold insanity, the furious confusion, away, safe, dark.

Distractions abound. An elderly woman approaches the band with her instamatic camera and big blue flash bar. Catching the sleepy bass player's attention (Ray was wandering off, looking at a wall), she motions him toward Moriss for the photo. They oblige, pose and smile (a bit too long), still playing the song; the flash bombards these dingy walls and the audience recoils in shock.

**S**ongs continue with other odd, friendly occurrences; Glenn from Willows grabs the  
Continued on page 28



Crosscurrents





# No Need To Point Your Finger At Ruskies, Reactionaries Or Ratfinks

No matter what end of the political spectrum you're at there's a bogeyman for you. If you're a conservative, you see the Soviet orangutans and the Marxist brainwashers and the disinformation dupes, who have all forsaken the glorious righteousness of religion.

If you're a liberal, there are the big corporations, and the racist reactionaries, and the Rockefellerian robber-barrons, who have been slowly turning the world into a private estate of their very own.

Yes, if you're an American citizen, you have an inalienable right to point your accusing finger at anyone and everyone and claim that it is because of them that the world is in such a mess. They gave Russia The Bomb. They demand more and more nuclear weapons so there can be The War. They oppose gun control and abortion and the disarmament talks. They pollute the air and send rain of all colors and acidities down on unsuspecting citizens. And they propagandize on network television, with their leftward-slanting newscasts followed by their capitalistic brainwashing TV commercials.

What many people do not realize is that they are real. They are a multi-billion-dollar consulting firm based in Topeka, Kansas that sells ideas for scapegoats, bogeymen, and fears galore to anyone who'll buy.

Yes, we even approached one of them and he consented to an interview. So now, meet Gordon Blake, the man from T.H.E.M.

Blake's office, in the sub-basement of T.H.E.M.'s unimposing headquarters in southern Topeka, is more luxurious than one might expect. He has a secretary who can type (on a good day), and a private washroom complete with a Greek-style bath and a barrel stocked with trout attended by a guard who wields an Uzi sub-machine gun.

The wet-bar in Blake's office is stocked with some of the world's most fascinating concoctions, many of which have been banned as carcinogens, thus driving prices way down. Blake grins impishly as the implications sink in.

After showing off his status symbols, Blake takes his place behind his massive mahogany desk and answers my first question.

"T.H.E.M. started back in 1905 with a juicy contract from the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Our founder, Merc Thomas, was no teetotaler himself, but he knew a good thing when he saw it. He'd developed a talent for telling horror tales to his kids, so he thought he'd try it out on

adults. By the time prohibition was ratified, he'd made twenty million dollars."

And then what did he do?

"He immediately started fighting prohibition by making people think they had bootleggers in their closets. Al Capone might still be selling used furniture if not for Merc."

What do the letters T.H.E.M. stand for, anyway?

Team Headquarters for Enemy Manufacturing. There's a saying that if enemies didn't exist, people would invent them. Merc always liked that; it was like free advertising."

Business must be booming now, right?

"Oh yeah. We got the El Salvador government, which is paying us to invent the Marxist guerrillas on a contract basis. Though we nearly lost it when we told Duarte to cut off a finger or two for good measure. Then there's Nicaragua, they're paying us through the nose to publicize the Contras and the CIA. The CIA and the KGB have always been big sellers, you know."



Do you handle Idi Amin and Col. Khadafy?

"Amin we did. Khadafy's in business for himself, and our policy is to stay away from him because he used to work in our Cairo office. Not a fun guy."

What's your biggest account these days?

"Today? It'd be hard to say. We were negotiating for one good one until the FBI came out and said they had no evidence that the USSR was guiding the freeze movement. I wish those gumshoes would mind their own business."

Surely you must be involved in something. The world's not quiet. What about Afghanistan, or Beirut? Or maybe Iran?

"We had nothing to do with Iran, and we are not involved in any way with them. You don't know how much happens before we can move on it."

I'm not surprised you disclaim Iran...

"It's true. They came to us, sure, but when we heard what they had in mind we told them to stand on the north side and

Satire by  
KEVIN M. MCGEEHEE

Illustration by Bill Stancik

keep going. Do you know what it costs to feed 60 people for eighteen months?"

The hostages weren't held captive that long.

"If you ask me, they couldn't hack the food bill anymore."

Back to my original question: what's one of your biggest accounts?

"Well, I'd have to say we're making our biggest money off the Second Coming."

I beg your pardon?

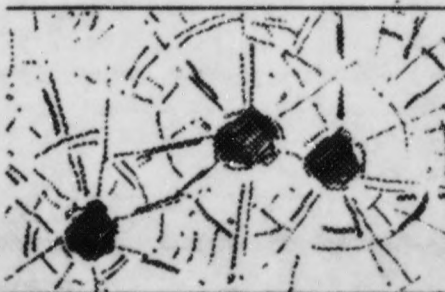
"Oh, yeah. Those TV preachers are paying us commission on their mail-in receipts to corroborate the Book of Revelation with actual world events."

Whew.

"We're also haggling with Britain and Argentina over another very lucrative wartime propaganda account. We may set up a separate division just for those accounts. With the Cold War starting up again, we could create 500 new jobs in a minute."

Things must really be looking up.

"Well, we've missed out on a lot of good prospects, too. Take Three Mile Island. The networks beat us to it on that one. And then there's radioactivity. If we'd been on the ball, we could be handling the whole thing, from nuclear waste to radiation sickness. And then we had to refuse



one client because he didn't have any money and it wasn't a big income producer. He used to work in the Pentagon, and had evidence that the Soviets have been working on a particle-beam weapon for thirty years already.

"We would have taken it, but it wouldn't have brought in any profit. I understand he's gone into business for himself, though."

What about the future? Any real blockbusters on the drawing board?



"Only the biggest scare-business coup of the century. We're just waiting for a co-investor. The biggest bidders keep upping the ante, though, and we're not about to close the bidding yet. But when they get tired, you should see it before long. Don't blink, though, you'll miss it."

Sounds interesting.

"Like you said, it's a real blockbuster. We've also got an old project on the back burner that we might start work on again. We're going to revive the Yellow Peril with Red China."

But who'll believe that these days?

"That's what makes it so beautiful. You know that Red China exists, right? Or you think you know."

You mean — ?

"Exactly. Back in the 1930s, we got a contract with Chiang Kai-Shek so he could get more foreign aid from Washington. Only he didn't read the fine print. You should have seen his face when he found out we were relocating him!"

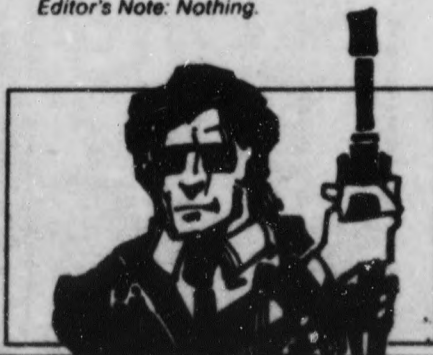
I can imagine.

"Say, now, can I ask you a question?"

Sure.

"How much are we getting paid for inventing ourselves for this interview?"

Editor's Note: Nothing.





# The Disease

# Trapped In A Understanding Confusion

Text by  
AMITY HYDE

All the way down in the car, Dee talked about Art. "Now if he tells you to leave, don't worry? 'You go home!' Sometimes he says that. You know, it's the disease."

The Disease. Huntington's Disease. When we crossed the Yolo causeway, Dee worried about the weather. "If it gets too bad . . . Do you think we should turn

around? If it gets too bad I can call the hospital and they'll tell Art that we couldn't make it. But I would hate to do that."

It was raining hard. Dee decided that it would let up just outside of the Sacramento Valley. Dee looked at the sky. "Oh, yeah, it usually does. It's terrible here, and then it's beautiful just out of the valley."

Dee glistens behind the steering wheel. She is wearing a metallic leather-like raincoat and a softer colored, almost peachy cowlneck sweater and slacks. Driving along in the gloom, toward her husband and blue skies, Dee glistens.

The diamond watch that Art gave her one Christmas sparkles, and her hands glitter with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. She is nervous about seeing Art, but glad to be going to see him. She wants to be near him, yet it's so hard.

It's hard because she can't believe that the little man in the hospital is her husband. It can't be Art. He can't be sick. He was never sick a day in his life, really. He was in the Air Force — he flew planes.

The little man in the hospital falls down sometimes. She loves him, she loves him, but he's a separate Art. A different man.



Illustrations by Bjorn Gregersen



# Paradox Of And Fear, And Love

There are two of them and they blend and they mix and they are both the same man, her husband Art, but one is the straight, handsome, intelligent Air Force officer she married, and one is this little, puppet-like man who knows what's going on but who can't come home except for visits because of his disease and who forgets a lot. Because of this terrible disease. She hates it. Dee hates it.

She's used to this drive now. Art's been at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Palo Alto for over six months and she goes to see him every Saturday. She used to go twice a week, but her doctor told her to cut down.

**W**e drive into Fairfield and the sun comes out and shines through the window of the Cordoba and seems to light Dee up. She's a little bronzy glow behind the wheel. "Some people can't see why I do this. Why I drive to see him every week." She looks totally amazed, then annoyed. "But he's my husband! I love him. One of the nurses down there said, 'You must spend a lot of money driving all this way just to see Art,' and I do, sometimes it's two, three hundred dollars a month, but I said to her, I said, 'It's his money too.' And she said, 'You're crazy.' But, hey, he was a good husband, he always took care of me, and he always provided well for me. It is his money. He earned it too." She paused. "It's awful. I talk about him like he's dead."

The very idea of not getting to see Art every week is appalling to Dee. They've been married 38 years and she is very much in love with him still. This disease, well, it happens, but he's still her husband. It's something to be lived with.

She has to face reality. Sometimes that's hard, very, very hard, and it would be easier not to think about it or to go somewhere far away for a vacation and rest and play and have fun and not think about Huntington's Disease. But to go without Art . . . To go away from the man she's been married to for 38 years. That's impossible. That wouldn't be a vacation. It would be worse than guilt.

We pull into Palo Alto and Dee says, "I'm gonna get him a hamburger. They usually eat about noon at the hospital, but on Saturday it's later, so he might be hungry." It was 11:30 now. We went

through a drive through Jack-in-the-Box and she got Art a hamburger and onion rings. Dee looked sad.

"He always says, 'Put it in the trash can.' He always wants to throw away everything I bring him. Well, they get like that."

We got cokes. "It's all this talking I've been doing. Makes me thirsty." It could be her medicine. Dee's doctor gave her a new medication for her heart. She wears nitroglycerin in a packet over her heart, and she takes nitroglycerin pills. Her doctor is worried about her heart. About the stress she's under with Art.

It's easier on her now with him in the hospital. She is so thankful that the V.A. Hospital would take him. She didn't know where to go to get help. Nursing homes don't often have the facilities to take care of a Huntington's patient. She couldn't get any Social Security benefits.

The disease has been showing more and more in Art for the past six years. She kept him at home for as long as she could. He made her promise that she'd never put him in the hospital. She had to, she just had to put him in the hospital. He was too much for her. He was too hard to control. She feels horrible about that. Like she betrayed him. But the disease . . .

It wasn't just that he took so much care, but the disease had progressed so far that she could not possibly care for him safely. He needs professional attention.

Art would be up all night sometimes, walking, walking. H.D. made him restless, filled with energy. One night Art was so restless that he took 27 showers. He walked from one bathroom to the other, took a shower, then dripped back again to take another shower. Dee followed him around that night with towels.

Art had trouble eating and swallowing. HD is a neurological illness and as it progressed it killed nerve cells in Art's brain, making him more and more dependent on Dee. He had problems eating and swallowing.

Dee cut up his food when he lived at home. She tried to cut it up as well as she could, but sometimes he would still have trouble swallowing, so she would have to drag him to the kitchen sink and squeeze his stomach until he coughed up the bit of food. This was so frustrating for Art that sometimes he would clench his fists and

scream. Having to be fed. Such a loss of dignity.

Dressing, also, takes coordination. Buttons and buckles became a struggle to fasten as Huntington's progressed. Dee helped Art dress when he needed her to, but she let him do as much as he could.

**A**rt loved to ride in the car. Dee would take him for drives every day, sometimes for two or three hours. They could be together, and Art would be still and look at the scenery. Dee was amazed at how long Art would ride in the car, yet other times he would be continually in motion.

Dee was wearing herself out. She'd go to sleep, but every time Art would move she would wake up. She worried about him in her sleep. She listened to him.

"I was never really afraid of my husband. Oh, yeah, he'd come to choke me, they get like that. And then I'd say, 'Art! Why did you do that? Why do you want to choke me?' Art wouldn't remember. He'd say, 'I didn't do that.'"

HD can make a person violent. The HD victim that does get violent tends to only get violent with the person who they are closest to. It's hard to know why Art got violent, why Art would go to choke his wife, why he would slam down the phone when she would talk on it.

But HD cuts down on self-control. So much frustration builds up, there are so many things that Art wanted to do that he just couldn't. His body just wouldn't cooperate. And questions became so hard to answer. He'd know exactly what he wanted to say, but somehow he just couldn't get it out. Like in a dream when you try to scream and it comes out a whisper.

That's the sort of frustration that Art has to live with all the time. Especially when he is awake. Who can blame him for being upset? And because he is sick, because he has this disease that is the cause of his frustration in the first place, he just can't control how he deals with it. He no longer has the capabilities to say, "Well, I'll sit here for a few minutes and then I'll try again to answer that question." He just reacts.

Dee is firm in believing that Art knows what goes on. That he can still reason and think. They even talk politics. But, HD can have psychological effects. Forgetfulness, often. Sometimes more serious problems, but not all HD victims have mental change.

Some are trapped in a misbehaving body, totally the same mental person that they always were. Psychological changes can't be predicted.

This is one reason that even now some people try to keep HD a secret. Some people are ashamed to have 'insanity' in the family. Dee belongs to the National Huntington's Disease Association which is doing a lot of work researching HD; bringing it out in the open for those who are ashamed.

Dee just can't accept the fact that Art really has this disease. It's too terrible a thought. Oh, yeah, she knows that he has it, she talks about it, she says things like,

"We have to face reality," and then she says (when Art has done something like slam down the phone when she's talking on it, or jumped out of the car and run into Macys screaming), "My husband would never do that. It's the disease. It makes him like that but he'd never hurt me." She is trapped in a paradox.

One day, practically the middle of the night, Art ran away from Dee. He went across the street to the neighbors' house. It was still dark and Art was outside in the bushes calling, "Joy, Joy," trying to wake up his neighbors, Joy and Dave.

Dave recognized his voice, and brought him inside for a cup of coffee. Art kept saying that he didn't like Dee, that he had to get away from her because she was going to put him away.

Joy was amazed at the way he could drink his coffee so hot, slurping it down the minute she poured it. He drank a lot of coffee. He was awfully worked up.

Dave and Joy called Dee, which made Art very angry. He didn't want to go home. But this is characteristic of HD. People inflicted with HD seem to resent the ones that they are closest to, accuse them of all



sorts of things. Like trying to put them away.

Sometimes HD victims try to hurt the people that they love, as Art did, when he would go to choke his wife. He was jealous. No one could talk to Dee. She couldn't talk on the telephone. Art would slam the receiver down, or grab the phone away from Dee and scream. He would jump up and down and yell. And he is Dee's husband and so she would look at him and say, "Now why did you do that Art?" And he wouldn't know because it was the disease doing it, not him.

He told Dave and Joy that he wanted to get away from Dee and they called her. He'd trusted them and they were sending him back. Dee was grateful that they were there to help, but she was horrified at the same time. She knew that Art told them he was trying to get away from her, and just what else he had told them she wasn't sure of, but she could imagine.

She knew that Joy and Dave didn't really believe that she'd be mean to him, but she was afraid that they'd be sort of suspicious. People can't know what goes

Continued on page 24



# Singing In The Rain

Fiction by  
LISE MARTIN

So it's my birthday. And here I am back home and Myrna opens the door and I can smell the cake she's baking. With a clumsy little stumble she's in my arms and I push her away gently, reminding her I'm in the middle of writing, that period of time which is sacred. But gently, because she's a gem, I must tell you in a little bit of an aside. A woman made for the long haul.

You can see what kind of man I am at twenty-four to appreciate and realize these qualities in a woman. I didn't go for some cute piece who could shimmy up a storm on the dance floor and other places. No; Myrna cooks like a French chef, cleans like a \$40 a day maid and watches over me like a nanny. She's a little broad in the hips; I can see that now, even though she's just 26 and will probably widen like the Mississippi river in a few years when she bears my children like a Pawnee squaw.

She's dressed in her at-home outfit and her apron, powdered with flour and baking powder, makes her look a little bit like Aunt Jemima. but I try and overlook this — it's my cake, see.

She gives me a funny little smile, the one that means: look at me, I'm baking a cake for you, and then I go back into my study and get back to work. Even though this is a special day, work cannot wait. Did Tolstoy lose a day on his birthday? Did Nabokov? Kafka? Gogol. We all know the answer to that one.

I begin to write. My seltzer, without which I can't work (all great writers needing that ritual morning libation), fizzes merrily. I stare into the ever-changing pattern of its bubbles.

I'm working on a civil war detective story; yes, you can see right away I have a flair for the unusual, the bold, the experimental. It is my sixth novel. They sit (the five others) all neatly stacked in the hall closet awaiting discovery. I have never been published but I do not care. It does not faze me in the least. Last month I came so close with an historical article for *The Highway Patrol Journal* (the editor committed suicide).

There is a knock at the door. I sniff the air tentatively, since the only reason I'm supposed to be interrupted is for a major emergency. But there's no hint in the air of smoke or a gas leak. I open the door with

more than a questioning glare. Myrna stands there, a strange glazed look on her face.

"Look," I say understandingly, "if the cake is burnt we'll go out and eat."

"There's someone to see you," she says, "at the door." On her broad, plain face is an expression once used by Cleopatra, the moment after the asp struck.

I walk to the door, or rather I look past Myrna since the apartment is pretty small, and see a girl waiting there, a jaunty smile on her face. She's wearing a neat, beige trenchcoat and so far I can see there is no reason (such as newborn babes in her arms) why Myrna should get so huffy.

"Michael C. Neumann," she asks cheerily and I nod.

She flings open her trenchcoat and in a flourish of song and dance begins to wish me the most happy birthday, anyone, since the time of the brontosaurus, could ever hope to imagine.

It doesn't sound so bad, you are probably thinking to yourself at this point. But I left out one detail. In addition to smiling, doing a little dance (rather fetching) and singing (not her strong point) she began, in a rather desultory manner, to strip off her clothes.

I watched, fascinated. Myrna vanished, or let us say, faded away, into the wild red blur that became my vision.

Since I am a writer I am sure you are hoping for a rather detailed description of this young woman at this point. I am sorry but at this soft nub in time I ceased to notice particulars and can only tell you that I had a taste in my mouth like cinnamon cookies; I smelled jasmine petals and the predominant color was pink.

There was a distinct gasp (from Myrna since I had this supreme sense of control) as the young woman got down to basics. Many men believe that a woman looks better with a few scanty remnants left on. This one looked fine both ways.

One minute she had on this tiny strip of a blue-spangled bra and the next it had disappeared — like magic. I had never been a breast man, having always thought it a rather infantile preoccupation on the part of other men, but now I was prepared



Illustration by Carl Clayworth

to major in mammary education at college. And all the while this person was smiling and singing and looking at me.

I knew Myrna had not ordered this surprise and my thoughts hammered giddily as to who it could have been. Who liked me this much? My God, now she was down to this tiny string of a bottom. And abruptly, in one swift, sure movement it was off and I gazed in idle rapture at a smooth peach haunch. There was a distinct thump in the background as Myrna either sat down or fell down. I do not know; all I knew was the swirl of coopercurls and desire. It rose in me, all at once, and I made a small movement towards this vision who was dressed in a flash and out the door, leaving behind the faint murmur of cologne. Without looking at anything I turned and went back to my study in a daze.

Myrna burnt my cake thoroughly. I didn't even get dinner that night. She went to bed at six and I had to assure her, before she would drop off into a feverish slumber, that the girl had been ugly, her body not attracting to me in the least, her breasts were small (you did look, Myrna wailed) and that I didn't have the slightest idea who had ordered her (Myrna at one, hot tearful instant actually accusing me). I reminded her in a calm, even tone that I didn't even read *Playboy* and with this assurance she dropped off. Meanwhile, as they say, my thoughts hammered. I had to find that woman. I spent half the night recalling every moment of my wonderful birthday.

I woke up the next morning and for the first time didn't feel like writing. I couldn't even think of my novel. Myrna was up and cooking breakfast. I slipped into my slippers and went in to eat. My slippers felt disturbingly strange. I looked down and found that Myrna had put a slight surprise in them. I will not spoil this narrative (or your breakfast) by naming this surprise.

Suffice it to say that what filled my shoes was brown, found in the streets of New York in abundance, and, I don't know how Myrna did it, but it was still warm.

"Myrna," I screeched like a paralytic mynah bird.

She stood in the doorway with a spatula in her hand, her features (with that faint moustache feathered over her lips) having the tentative capabilities of looking like the late Fuhrer.

"There is fresh ----- in my shoes!" I screamed, although it is hard to scream when you first wake up, the sound burst from my throat like a strangling rooster.

"Yes, fresh," she retorted. "Not yesterdays, or the day before, or last week's. Fresh! I do everything perfectly."

I now saw that she had on her overcoat and carried a small valise. She headed for the door. I reminisced like a dying man, but instead of sequences of my life flashing in quick succession, I envisioned her luscious crepes, her demure duck a l'orange, faultlessly ironed shirts, scrubbed toilets with blue water running merrily in the bowl. I then remembered the careful curve of a pouting navel on the singing telegram of the previous night.

I hesitated a second too long and Myrna was gone. She made it down the stairs faster than Fran Tarkenton in his prime. She had at least a two block lead when I hit the street and her broad back strode purposefully into the distance.

"Myrna, Myrna," I called half-heartedly.

A woman passed and her gaze dropped a half-yard knowingly. I looked down. I was still in my pajamas.

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Illustration by Bill Stanick

# HOLIDAY in GUATEMALA

## Greetings From Beautiful Central America

Dear Fred and Emma:

SURPRISE! I'm just sooo excited. I'll bet you'll never guess where I'm writing you from. We're in Guatemala — you know, one of those little countries south of Mexico but just north of Brazil.

It's been such a long time since Harry and I have had a really nice vacation and, well you know, we didn't want to go see Harry's mother in Des Moines again so we decided to try something different. Nona Winstead's daughter Sydne, who works over at Lola's Travel Boutique suggested we try Guatemala because she had a college friend who said it was really warm and nice to visit.

Harry didn't think it was such a good idea at first because supposedly there was this war going on nearby but Sydne said that's okay because it was all over now and far away and nothing to fret about.

I told Sydne I always wanted to visit the tropics. I think it's just sooo romantic, all those palms and all that heat. (Remember we honeymooned in Florida.) Besides Sydne said she could get us this special deal because things are really cheap this time of year. Anyhow, it was too good to pass up.

So we landed at this darling little airport in the capitol, Guatemala City, and much to our relief there were no crowds. In fact, the place looked almost deserted. Anyway, the people in customs were really nice — except for this one dirty looking man who didn't smile at all.

Walter, another friend of Sydne's, met us at the airport and drove us to our hotel. We were supposed to stay at the Camino Real Hotel but Walter said it recently accidentally blew up so we had to stay at Juan's American Cantina instead. Fortunately, it turned out to be real nice too — sort of like a Holiday Inn done in Mexican.

So once we got there we had our first bad experience when the porter dropped one of our suitcases down a flight of stairs. I told Harry not to get upset and that I probably overpacked anyway and that the poor man looked so tired and like he hadn't eaten for several days that we couldn't possibly expect him to carry all seven suitcases at once. But Harry insisted and after we got to our rooms he refused to tip him.

Harry felt better after lunch, which we ate in a very tastefully decorated dining room next to the lobby, and we both wanted to take a nap because of the long flight. We couldn't, however, because we were supposed to meet Walter to take a quick tour of the city. We waited and

waited but he never came and Harry got a chance to nap after all. Finally Walter showed up and was very apologetic because he said the rental car we were supposed to take accidentally blew up. I told him we were too tired anyway and could go some other time.

The next morning, we drove to the residence of Elmer and Edwina Minkel, which was located in the nice residential district of town. Harry was really impressed by the 20-foot high concrete wall that surrounded the Minkel estate and all the guards and dogs. He said he wished our house could be so secure.

Mr. Minkel, as it turned out, was a Texan from Houston who moved here several years ago because of his business. We had been here only a few hours but already it was nice to see some Americans again. Edwina was a gracious host and we ate lunch in a very tastefully decorated dining room. Harry and Elmer got along wonderfully. But men will be men, and all they talked about was business so Edwina and I took a tour of the Minkel's gardens which was built on the site of some old ruins.

After we bid adieu to the Minkels we spent the rest of the day with Walter looking at some old Indian graveyards and archaeological sites. Most of the natives we saw were quite friendly although Harry got upset at some kids he thought were

trying to steal his camera. They were all dressed in rags and couldn't have been more than six or seven-years-old and I told Harry they were just probably curious because they'd never seen one before.

Besides I thought they were so cute. One of them who had the biggest, roundest little tummy (his mother must be a good cook) kept tugging at my sleeve asking for something in Mexican. I couldn't figure out what he wanted so I gave him the pen I was using to take notes with.

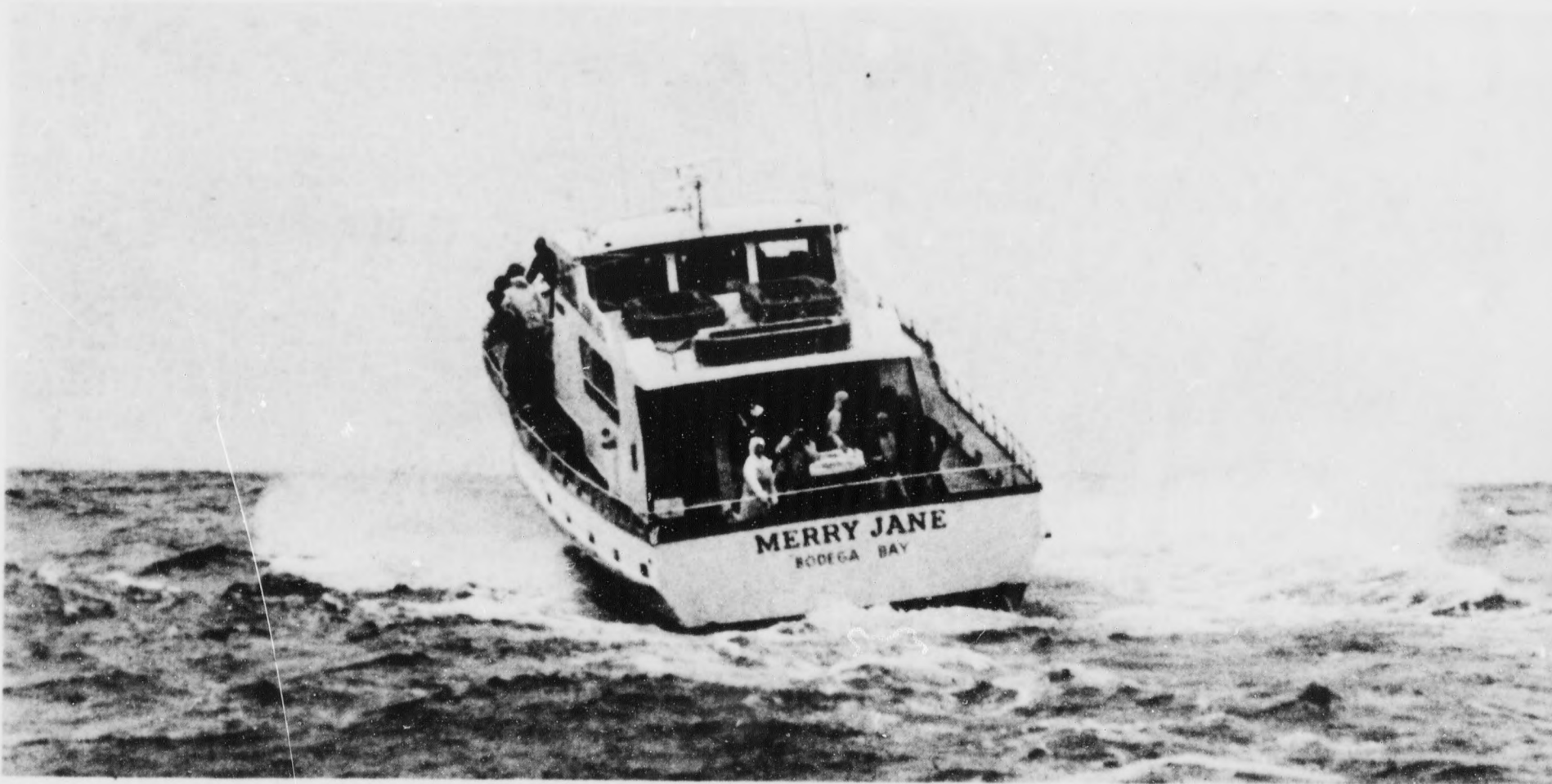
The next day we got up really early because we were supposed to visit some fishing villages on the coast. However, Walter was late again and said the trip was not going to be possible at this time because the bridge we were going to have to cross accidentally got blown up over night.

I told Walter that was okay because I really didn't feel like driving much today

Continued on page 25

Text By  
R. G. Makabe





*Lots of whales in the deep blue sea  
And we kill them for the industry.  
We drag them along side and cut them in  
two  
And melt them down and sell it to you.  
There hardly is a sailor alive  
Who can keep the tears from his eyes  
As he remembers the good old days  
When there were no whales to save*

*Country Joe McDonald*





# Gray Expectations

## The blessings of Bodega Bay



Illustration by Cathryn Reynolds

Text and Photos by  
Cathryn Reynolds

How does that song by The Little River Band go? "The albatross and the whales they are my brothers." The whales — the largest living mammal ever to inhabit the earth, yet distant, mysterious and helpless to man's cruelty and curiosity.

At least curiosity doesn't kill them and the \$20 each of us paid to get a little closer to the great elusive creatures went to benefit them. The Marine Mammal Fund operating out of San Francisco, is a non-profit organization established in 1971, and works as a public education and research group promoting the welfare and protection of all marine mammals.

The subject was the California Gray whale and the day's objective was to see at least one up close. From December through May, over 15,000 California Gray whales migrate south to the warm water lagoons of Baja Mexico, where they mate and give birth, covering over 6,000 miles roundtrip.

I had visions of 30-ton whales swimming playfully along side the 65-foot fishing boat, or maybe leaping uninhibited out beyond the bow. So with rain-gear

snapped, film advanced and expectations on the moon, we sailed out of Bodega Bay.

We crammed into the small cabin of the fishing boat and listened as the whale watching leader explained the scientific parts of our endeavor.

"Watch for the spout," instructed Kurt Heinonon, a naturalist with the Marine Mammal fund and leader of the expedition. "It's the whale's breath — hot air hitting the cold air and producing a condensation. Next the whale will appear and when you see the fluke, or tail, she's taken a deep dive."

Heinonon explained the whale will appear grey with white and orange patches. The white patches are scars and barnacles. The orange patches are barnacles with lice. And he proceeded to pass around the cabin a small jar with an example of whale lice floating in formaldehyde.

Whether he was right about the colors was hard to say. By the time we were a mile out to sea, those who were not clinging to the sides, were clinging to the bow, roughing weather conditions that didn't make for the best whale watching.

As eyes scanned the water for white and orange spots, the captain would yell "Spout at three o'clock!" By the time we

figured out where three o'clock was and focused our cameras, the fluke was just disappearing into the waves.

We soon discovered realistically, a three hour whale watching cruise for curious whale enthusiasts isn't the same as the ocean excursion Jacques Cousteau takes us on on channel six.

And then there was seasickness to deal with. Terrified of it, I recalled similar experiences out on the open sea. The ship starts to rock and it's too late to turn around and head for solid ground.

There is a funny dime-sized patch worn behind the ear that is supposed to prevent the spinning, nausea and vomiting that accompanies seasickness. Whether it was a psychological deterrent or a drug physically absorbed into the system, it seemed to work for those actively scanning the horizon instead of hanging over the sides of the ship.

But for others, a pill digested a few hours before the anchor is lifted is a more reliable method of preventing seasickness.

See your doctor for a prescription-miracle drug, instead of relying on over-the-counter pills. If measures are not taken prior to sail time, a three hour high-sea trip

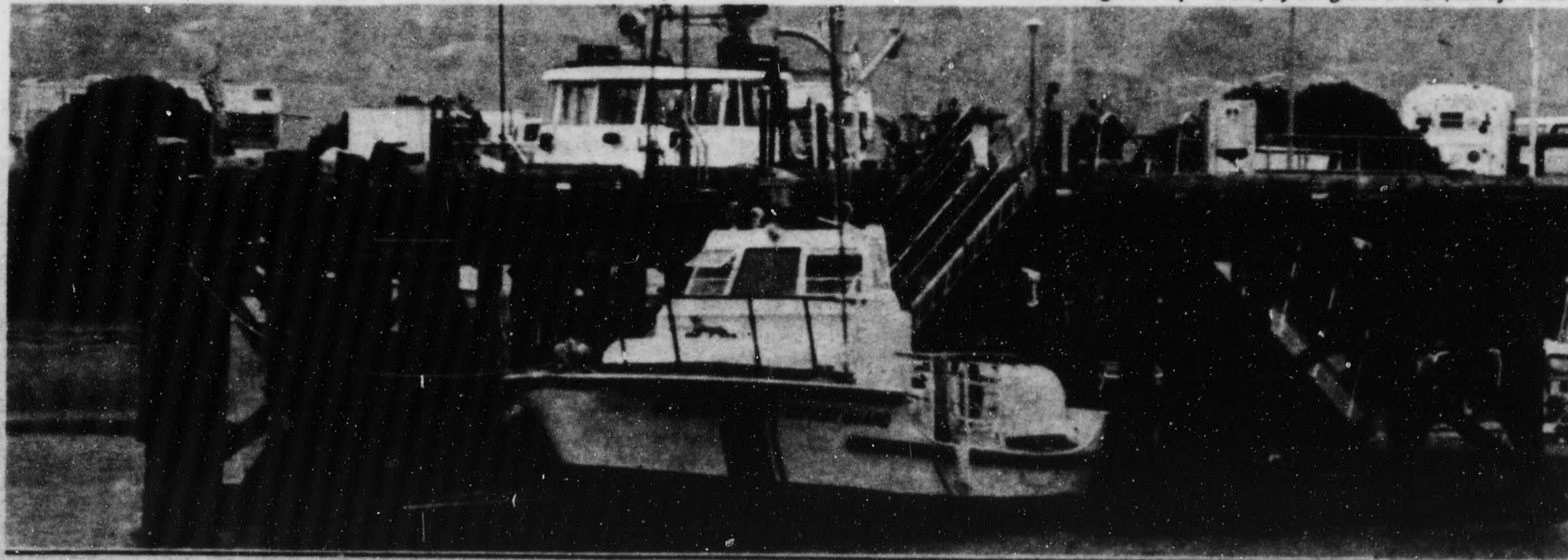
can turn into a three hour "I wish I was dead" ocean voyage — chewing on soda crackers, and sucking on lemons seldom works.

The California Gray whales are all that remain of three thriving gray whale populations. The Western gray whales are gone and the Atlantic gray whales disappeared almost 200 years ago, according to Heinonon. The California Gray whales once numbered less than 350 due to the gray whale hunting that took place less than 10 years ago, as whaling ships were dispatched out of our own San Francisco Bay.

In 1971, the United States passed the Marine Mammal Protection Act, prohibiting the killing, entrapment, harassment or endangerment of any marine mammal by an American citizen.

In less than 10 years, the destructive catcher ships of the whaling industry have been replaced with fishing boats that carry men with cameras instead of harpoons.

The whales that day were distant and the rough ocean waves did their best to camouflage what we strained so desperately to observe. But it didn't matter, because we knew they were out there. And, by the grace of man, always will be.





# Kingdom Without A King

## Years After Walt's Death, The Disney Empire Flourishes

Walt Disney is alive and well. Yes, the famed entertainer extraordinaire is ambling about Disney corporate headquarters this very moment, propounding new ideas for films and theme parks.

That, at least, is the impression one gets from listening to company officials and analyzing current Disney decisions.

In fact, new corporate policy is following Walt's visionary directives verbatim, even though this unwillingness to change is costing the company millions of dollars, raising serious questions about business and political manipulation and straining the firm's community relations.

"Fantasia." "Mary Poppins." "Cinderella." "Pinocchio." The old axiom "they don't make 'em like they used to," is especially true concerning Buena Vista Pictures, Disney's motion picture division.

The company's recent films include such memorable box-office blockbusters as "The Cat From Outer Space," "The Unidentified Flying Oddball," "Herbie Goes Bananas," and "Herbie Goes To Monte Carlo." (Yes, Disney's most prolific movie star is now a beaten-up, 1963 Volkswagen.)

Why has Disney's once prime source of income and reputation deteriorated so badly?

Many observers believe that a corporate shift away from artistic and marketing innovation to a conservative, business-efficient style is to blame.

"Current management is very business-like and competent, but it is squelching creativity," according to Theodore W. Anderson, an analyst with Angus Research Corporation.

A former Buena Vista executive agrees. "The company is creatively burned out," he says. "Those guys are so square, you can't roll them downhill."

Don Bluth, for nine years a senior animator with Buena Vista, quit the company in 1979. A faithful Disney believer, Bluth had joined the firm under the pretense that he would be allowed to work on high-quality animation such as Disney had made in the '30s, '40s and '50s.

Management, however, saw Bluth's ideas as excessively expensive ("Fantasia," widely acclaimed as the premier example of animation, took eight years to

create). Bluth, wanting to keep alive the original Disney concept, convinced several other animators to quit with him. They subsequently released the critically hailed "The Secret of NIMH."

Some animators have alleged that merely being employed by Walt Disney Productions is a detriment to creativity, because of the company's past achievements.

"There is a special responsibility that goes with making films for us," acknowledges Public Relations Director Mike Spencer.

A potentially more important problem than the loss of creative people is the company's reliance on Walt Disney's personal ideas and master plan. Since the founder died in 1966, the ethics and tastes of moviegoers have considerably changed.



Illustration by Mike Miller

A desire to provide wholesome entertainment is admirable, but producing pictures that are unrealistic and refuse to deal with real-life problems has resulted. In fact, "The Black Hole" was the film's first non-G-rated film in its history.

A modification of film guidelines would have enabled the company to make hits such as "Star Wars," and "Raiders of the Lost Ark," according to a stock analyst we interviewed. It is widely speculated that if Buena Vista continues to live strictly within Walt's philosophy, a larger box office share won't be possible.

Disney's clean-cut films have soured much of the public on its new releases. Once people hear that a new release is a Disney film, the potential audience automatically shrinks, regardless of the film itself. That stigma will be hard to shake.

The company is, of course, trying to produce better films and revamp its public image.

"I've gotten tired of hearing old employees say 'Walt wouldn't do that,' or 'Walt would do it this way,' says Tom Wilhite, a public relations officer hired by Buena Vista to revitalize its image. "Anything that's new, that's different, I'm all for it. We want to maintain Disney's unique identity, but we must be competitive too."

Even though re-issues of old Disney classics sometimes out-earn their new releases, the company isn't lessening its emphasis on production. "Something Wicked This Way Comes," an adaption of the book by Ray Bradbury, is costing \$20 million.

"Splash" is being produced and directed by Ron Howard. "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?" will most likely star Burt Reynolds, and "The Black Cauldron," an animated full-length movie, will be released in 1985 and has already cost \$23 million.

The most ambitious idea — which may be some sort of pension plan for midgets — calls for 13 sequels to "The Wizard of Oz" (Disney didn't make the original). Public Relations Director Spencer adds that the commitment to produce animated films is being doubled, with releases scheduled every two to three years, rather than five to six years apart.

Since re-issues make up more than 30 percent of movie division profits, Buena Vista has been looking for a way to increase re-issue fees from theater owners. A new distribution scheme may be the answer. Like other movie companies, Buena Vista had been charging a set percentage of total box office revenues.

Recently, however, Disney films are rented with a flat royalty fee averaging \$1.75 per viewer. This amounts to an increase for Buena Vista; thus it may result in fewer film rentals to theaters, offsetting any additional income for Buena Vista.

For the movie division's sake, attempts to resurrect creativity and improve public image had better work: Motion pictures accounted for only 10 percent of total corporate revenue, down from over 50 percent in its heyday. The parent company, Walt Disney Productions, may find more profitable ways to spend its money.

"Pictures we think will make \$25 million top off at \$11 or \$12 million. We're not getting the big grosses," admitted Buena Vista Production Chief Ronald Miller.

In the scramble to make up for the decrease in movie revenue, corporate investments and attention have been

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By  
MARTIN HENDERSON  
JACKIE HULSEN  
GEORGIA WEAKLEY  
LAURA SHIROMA  
JIM DEARING



The run in the pantyhose dashes down the long calf, races over the ankle bone and comes to a dead halt at the tip of the big toe.

"Damn-it!" She glances quickly at the clock on the dresser.

"Aw, to hell with it. No time to change, and for what? They'll never see the run under my uniform," she mutters to herself. After wrapping the full-length brown uniform around her waist and tying it, she pauses for a final, ritualized check in the mirror. Her face looks like it belongs in an expensive scotch advertisement: the brows finely arched, the cheek bones heightened with a plum blush, the eyes accentuated with iridescent golds and browns, the lips sharply outlined to pronounce a perfect bow mouth, ripely colored. Her make-up has been flawlessly applied. Sheer craftsmanship produced this beautiful facade. She is ready to drive to work.

From the outside, the restaurant looks elegant, with a touch of modern chic. Erected with wood and brick, the inlaid doors swing silently open to reveal the restful blues and browns inside. The color scheme and interior design calm the eye, prepare the palate.

Karen sails through the front doors, crosses the thickly carpeted foyer and slips behind the front desk to grab her time card and check the dining room floor plan.

"Hi, everybody. How's the night look tonight?" The assistant manager doesn't lift her eyes from off the lunch sales receipts in front of her.

"Check the reservations and see for yourself. Also, there's a revision on the plan. You take fourth station because Grant called in sick."

Under the plexiglass cover a copy of the dining room and all its tables is divided into different sections, like a butcher's diagram of a side of beef. And like beef, there are prime sections to make the waiters' wallet ache, and tough and lean sections they'd just as soon throw to the dogs. Most waiters devise nicknames to describe their various beloved and hated stations. In this seafood restaurant there is The Landing Strip — a gash down the middle of the dining room that leaves a waiter with bruised pelvic bones from hitting the high back plush chairs; Siberia — a vast expanse away from the kitchen where young couples with squirming toddlers are seated; The Pen Handle — a jutting section reminiscent of some waiter's grade school geography lesson, and so on. And then there are, simply, The Money stations — a couple of booths, a couple of 'rounds', a device. All within easy access to the kitchen. These stations are the life of the waiter's station. Succulent. Luscious. If there is any 'easy' money to be made as a waiter, it is working stations like these.

Karen scans the floor plan and spots her station, a smallish one below. A Money Station. Ratings look good, make a few parties of five and six — double blessing. Unless all the customers are from Galt, money's going to roll through this house tonight.

Already the foyer is filling up and

# Not By Bread Alone

## What's Really For Sale In A Restaurant

by ERICA BALDWIN



Illustration by Bjorn Gregerson

Karen weaves her way deftly and quickly through the customers waiting to be seated by the hostess. Hmm, silk dress, and a three-piece wool suit — nice looking couple. I bet they're a good tip. Oh, good four-top of businessmen, they know how to tip — "Pardon me, sir, I just need to get by," — spare me the Hoosier in his Sears plaid shirt and double-knit slacks. Hey, Eppie's is down the street.

Around from the foyer, down a short stretch poses the dining room, like a nineteenth-century woman: expectant, patient, passively accepting any evening's development. Karen takes a sudden left across invisible boundary lines and enters her station. Carnations look just fine — no, the ones on table 41 are a bit shriveled, that won't do. She walks to the kitchen entrance and pops the free swinging door open, reaches one of the two small cream refrigerators and opens it. Beside the horseradish set-ups and squat little creamers stand several white vases holding cold, crisp carnations. She picks the prize winner and whisks it back to her table. The dining room is dotted with customers now, and the hostess is bringing in another party. Three minutes before I'm on. Just enough time to light the candles. Soft yellow light haloes out from the tall columns and diffuses down to the table where the fork prong grabs a glint of it. Ah, let there be Light. She steps back to survey the final effect, even as she notices the hostess gliding into her station with the well-dressed couple behind her. All props are in place, her station is as inviting as a warm smile. Satisfied, she leaves for the kitchen.

The stark white lights make her pupils contract, but she doesn't notice. She's looking for the brown service napkins and they are not in any of the usual places. Sudden frustration springs up. *Shit! This is too good a money night for the screw-ups to be starting already.*

"Where the hell are the napkins?" she yells to Gene, slicing a hand-sized loaf of bread at the bread station.

"I think they fell behind the chowder area," he says nonchalantly.

Typical. Yes, there they are, collapsed on the floor. Karen scoops them up, tosses the bunch on the high shelf above the chowder cups. She retains one and after draping this gentled reminder across her forearm, she leaves the kitchen and with quiet dignity approaches the table. The couple suspend their conversation and look up at her.

"Good Evening." She smiles warmly. "My name's Karen, I'll be taking care of your party tonight. Would you care to order a cocktail?"

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Costume, make-up, props, lights: you're on. And the show begins. Opening lines in an endless repetitive script is interspersed with a prescribed set of actions. Through voice, manner, and action — through their performance — waiters and waitresses create for their customers the sought-after illusion. But unlike the actor who performs once a night, the waiter per-

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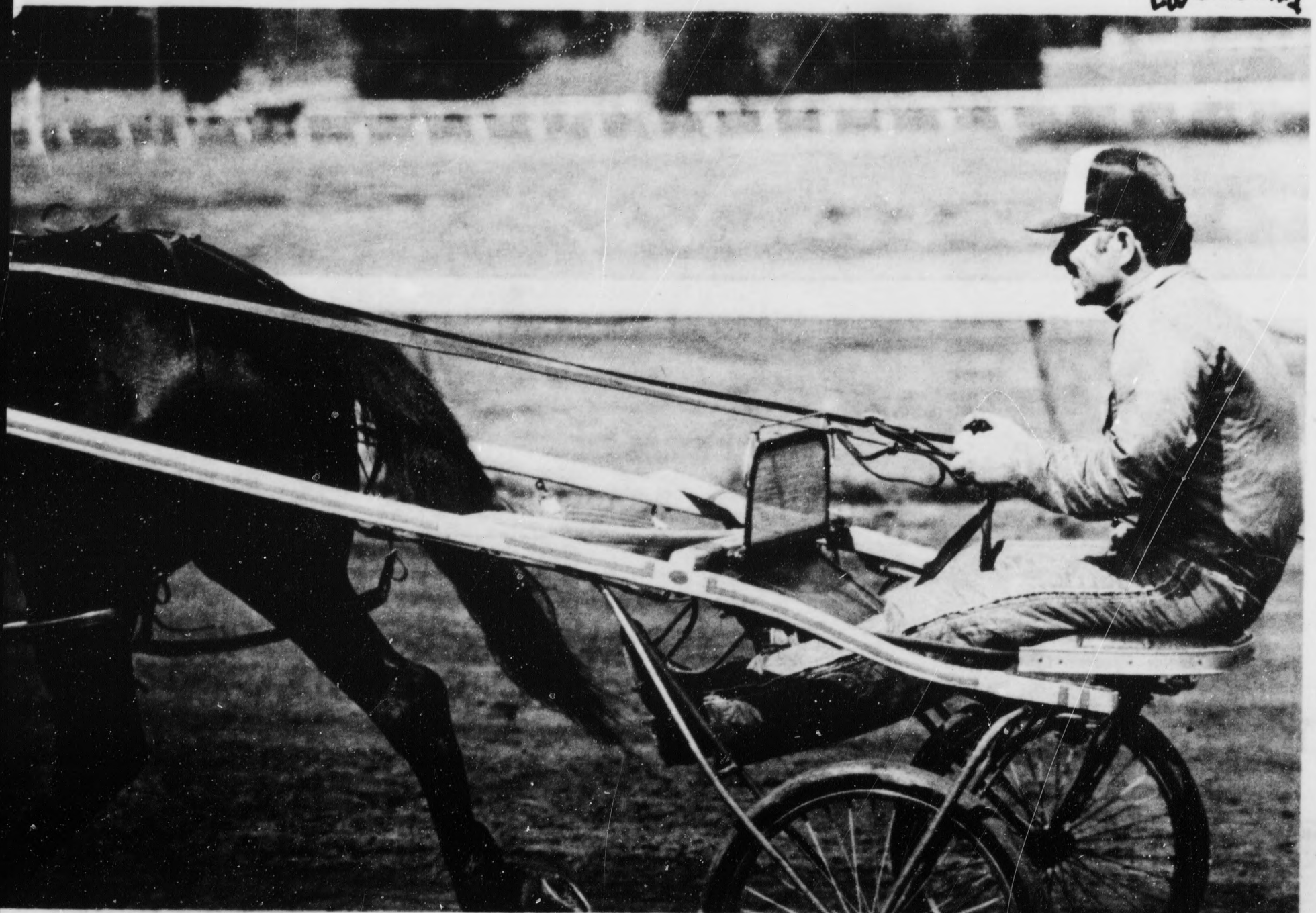


## When The Winning Is Worth It

They know the sweat, the dirt and the headaches that come with finishing first.







Text and Photos by  
Cathryn Reynolds

The glamor and glitter of the winner's circle doesn't come without a lot of dust, dirt, and diligence. The horses sweat, the trainers swear, the jockeys prey and the owners pace, as the morning workouts and afternoon washdowns turn into a sunset showcase of excitement and competition. Shedding the workclothes and flashing the colorful silks, the jockeys harness up, the horses quicken their pace and the crowd comes to its feet as the glistening muscles of the animals strain to reach the finish line. And all the sweat and hardwork seems worth it to the people who lay their hearts on the line. The excitement takes place at Golden Bear Raceway at the California State Fair and exposition grounds now through August 6th, Wednesday through Saturday nights. Gates open at 6 p.m. and post time is at 7:30 p.m. General admission is \$2 and for a \$2 minimum bet, anyone in the crowd can lay a piece of his heart on the line too.







## Restaurant

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forms over and over and over again; each time a new party takes his table he must establish, upon initial contact, the proper illusion for each party. As an actor is allowed some interpretive freedom with his lines, so, too, the waiter uses his honed judgment to modify the tone, volume, speed and manner of delivery to strike the most responsive chord in each customer.

With the facile grace of a mime, the waiter/actor shifts his style; the cooing couple want unobtrusive, silky service, the raucous foursome want an engaging stand-up comedienne, the cold-war couple shooting verbal snipes under thick breath want stainless steel service. FINE! WHATEVER THEY WANT! Because finally, the customer is not buying food as much as he's buying an illusion, an image, an "entertainment package." The customer goes out not for food alone; rather, the customer seeks a "dining experience."

And what an array of experiences the restaurant industry provides the shopping patron. No longer can he only ask his palate the simple question, "Well, what'll it be? French? Chinese? Italian?" No, he shall not live by bread alone. Today the prospective diner-out must search his hungry soul and discover what experience it craves, then match his need to the restaurant that can supply it.

A browse through the city restaurant guide can provide just the trigger in revealing this unsatisfied need. A diner can revel in the "million dollar atmosphere" of bank-turned-restaurant, D.O. Mills, or, if it is ethnic wealth he needs, he can savor rolled grape leaves amidst exotic, undulating navels at the chariot-fronted Zorba's. He can get zonked on Mai Tai's at the Zombie Hut while admiring the Hawaiian hula girl revue. If his soul seeks simpler fare, well, partner, Pinnacle Peak can do you for 'er. Nothin' fancy 'bout that place — matter 'o fact, we'll cut yer tie off if'n you wear one in. But if he's heartsick for home cooking let him drive out to The Big Yellow House, a place that promises "old-fashioned family-style cooking."

The sophisticated diner might turn away from the garish, gimmicky restaurant in search of the "fine dinner house": elegant service in elegant surroundings — an oil painting here, a nineteenth century tapestry there. But more than the scenery — plush carpets and lush ferns, more than the props — hot food, fancy drinks garnished with umbrellas, more than the special lighting — table candles, fireplaces, chandeliers — more than all the staged devices, each illusion is maintained and perpetuated by that professional Master of Illusion, the waiter or waitress. In all the

performing arts, it is the performers who create the drama.

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"Here, gimme a match, let me help you light them. I don't have all night. My God, how old is this lady?"

"She's ninety-four. And the table's been really nice. COME ON YOU GUYS," Karen half-implores, half-demands of her co-workers in the kitchen, "I HAVE A BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY ON TABLE 31 AND I NEED A COUPLE MORE SINGERS!"

"Then call up the Met. I'll loan you a dime." Gene, unmoved, continues tossing a salad at the salad bar. "Next thing you know management will have us shining customers' shoes."

"Karen, I'll serve this bread to my table and be right back."

As the cake is carried through the kitchen doors, the candles blaze high above the waitress' head, like a messenger's torch.

"... and tonight is a very special night for a very special lady. She's ninety-four years old and this is her birthday..." Karen and several waiters start the Happy Birthday song and the table joins in. Overwhelmed, the old lady's eyes well up with tears as she looks first at the waiters all gathered around her brightly lit cake, then at her family seated around her.

"... Happy Birthday, dear Mimi, Happy Birthday to you!" Her family and nearby tables applaud in congratulations and then Karen bends down close to the little woman's ear.

"Ma'am, I hope you have a very nice birthday, and I want you to come back for your ninety-fifth!"

"Oh, Honey, this has been just wonderful."

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"DOWN—22!"

"22-DOWN!"

"Jose, on that filet, please hold the carrots. The lady hates carrots."

"O.K., o.k. I hold the carrots. Hey, Meetzy, you want to hold my carrots?"

"No, Jose, you serve it to your sex-started wife instead."

"Mitzy, is that hot tamale behind the line talking dirty to you, again?" Karen says as she walks through the swinging doors with the tray balanced high above her head. With a graceful and sure swing, she brings it down and jams it into the open stainless steel 'lips' that run the length of the cooks' line. The large tray, resting on the lower four-inch 'lip' tilts and catches the upper lip and remains in a suspended position, leaving the waitress' hands free to load her tray.

"Ha! He's no dirty talker, he's a comedian. The only thing he gets out of me is a laugh." Mitzy's blue eyes crinkle and she and Karen smile at each other.

"Oh, Caron. Food's up. Take the lady her no-carrot deener." Jose shoves the plate carelessly on top of the smooth, shiny cook's ledge and the filet juice spurts onto the unspoiled plate rim.

"Hey, careful, Jose. You're messin' up the plate!" With her dark napkin, Mitzy

wipes the juice off the rim and places the parsley on the marked spot.

"There, good as new," she mutters to herself. "Not that it matters," she adds with matter-of-fact contempt, "they're a two-dollar tip if ever I saw one."

Despite Mitzy's mere five-foot stature, she swings the tray up with ease and heads for the kitchen doors. As she pushes the 'out' door, the 'in' door swings open and Ben, her favorite waiter and personal friend walks through.

"Hi, Itsy-Mitsy. How's it goin'?"

"Oh, Ben, it's Hoosierville. I'm not making any money off these first tables."

"Well, the night-is-yet-young, my-sweet. Now go out there, smile that pixie smile of yours and charm their wallets open!"

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**Money.** Greens. Bills. The reason d'vivre of a waiter's existence. Because a waiter's livelihood rests on the tips he earns and not on the hours he works, tips become an all consuming obsession in the waiters' mind. While ladling soup, garnishing entrees, folding napkins, they pass tip information among themselves like baseball fans exchanging players' statistics.

"Hey, what'd you get on that 10-top?"

"Not much — 15 bucks, 12%. Check total was low — no ap.'s, no wine. How about you?"

'Pepe, I told you,  
no 'sixty-nine!'

"Last three tables saved me. 10 on a four, eight on a deuce, and nineteen on that five-top I've been pampering all night."

If the evening is slow the waiters become nervous, antsy. Full tables don't guarantee lots of money, but empty tables guarantee none. Too many slow nights in a row and the waiters become covetous, even vulturine. The more brazen of the lot have been known to steal tables from time to time. That is, they slip up to the hostess desk, snatch the ticket and customers, and seat them in their own station although the party was intended for another waiters' station.

Throughout any but the busiest nights, waiters scan the dining room, scoping each others' tables and patrons, viewing and reviewing the probable economic picture of their co-workers. Who gets the big parties, the businessmen, the Orientals? The covetous nature of waiters causes them to worry over their co-workers' tips almost as much as they worry for their own.

Because tipping is a socially learned custom in which rules vary according to income, race, education, and occupation, waiters approach every table carrying a mental booklet that could be called, *Tips About Tipping: The Social Science of Tipping*. Experienced waiters have long

since memorized the contents, but for the beginning waiter there is a wealth of information he must acquire if he would survive the physical and mental demands of his profession. The grossest generalizations are the easiest of pick up:

- Age tips better than Youth
- Men tip better than Women
- Whites tip better than Blacks or Mexicans
- Orientals (especially Japanese) tip best of all
- White collar tips better than blue collar

The discerning waiter quickly refines and adjusts these stereotypes as he learns to integrate all the important factors which affect tipping. Hence, the experienced waiter would prefer two young, Japanese females above a middle-aged blue-collar caucasian couple. So socially ingrained is the Japanese stricture of proper tipping that on a \$24 dollar tab they will leave between five and six dollars, while the other couple will typically leave between two and two-fifty. Better to wait on four professional business women under forty, than four grade school teachers over fifty. And so it goes, from table to table, customer to customer. For in a world of limited resources — specifically limited time and limited hands — the waiters' best service will always go to the highest buyer. All customers do not tip equally for equally good service. The successful waiter approaches, judges, then parcels out his time and effort accordingly. Though all waiters occasionally misjudge their customers, their judgments are more often than not, accurate.

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"Hey, Honey, we'd like more bread."

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Everything's been real good, so far. Real good."

"I'm glad you're enjoying it, sir."

"And you've done a real good job, too, Honey."

"Thank-you, Sir."

Back in the kitchen, Mitzy groans as she slices another loaf of bread.

"Oh, Gawd, my customers on table 14 are praising me: 'Oh, Honey, you're so good.' Don't praise me, pay me," she echoes the common refrain. "I can't wait for this early turn to leave so we can get some diners into this place."

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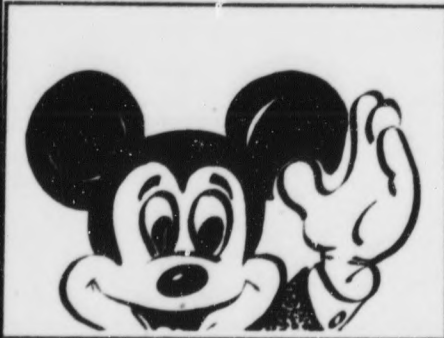
The kitchen is filling up with waitresses and waiters; on this busy Friday night there will be fourteen altogether. Ben extends a general, "Hello, Everybody," to the kitchen crew and walks to the stack of clean dinner trays to claim his tray for the evening. He sets it at the food pick-up area and tapes a slip of paper with his name written on it to the edge of the tray. With a full staff on tonight, the clean trays will disappear quickly; he doesn't want another waiter or busboy to 'accidentally' use his tray.

"Ben, here's an extra brown napkin of mine —"

"Thanks, Karen. Hey," Ben lowers his voice conspiratorially and leans closer to her, "— what's this I'm hearing about 'Queen Kitty' and 'her' latest catch?"

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## Kingdom

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focused on the expansion and development of new and existing theme parks. The strategy has worked: In 1982, recreation parks had revenues of \$725 million, while motion pictures earned only \$164 million. This financial success, however, hasn't come problem-free.

Disneyland was opened in Los Angeles in 1955. Walt Disney's aim in creating the recreation haven was to improve on life itself by offering an escape where "real" world-weary people could be free of crime, filth, sex, violence, and daily stresses.

It was the founder's idea of Utopia. When New Orleans Square opened in Disneyland, the mayor of that city remarked that the imitation was "just like home," to which Walt Disney replied, "No, it's better. It's cleaner."

Ray Bradbury once suggested that Walt Disney run for mayor of Los Angeles. "Ray," Disney asked, "why should I run for mayor when I am already king?"

Walt Disney was firmly convinced that to maintain the integrity of his park (and eventually Walt Disney World, EPCOT Center, and the Mineral King park, all of which he planned), he needed absolute control over all aspects of the project. "If anything goes wrong in the park," he boasted, "I just tear it down and put it right."

And not only did Walt Disney insist on internal control of Disneyland, he wanted external control as well. The solicitors, entrepreneurs and ticket scalpers who existed on the fringe of the park angered the founder. He vowed, in plans for his future parks, to "create an environment around each project which would be in keeping with its character and purpose."

Since Walt Disney's death, the corporation has sought to carry out his plans exactly as intended, requiring the same stern control. This hard-edged, "all or nothing" philosophy has led to charges of business manipulation and political pressure, caused the firm a good deal of unfavorable publicity, and resulted in the crapping of two proposed theme parks.

An article in the October, 1978, issue of *New Times* magazine, by Becky O'Malley, "Mickey Say, Mickey Do," is an accurate portrayal of the Disney idea of control at Walt Disney World in Florida. "The charter of the district," writes O'Malley, "does not read like it was inspired by a great

believer in people. In fact, it reads like it was written by someone who wanted to make absolutely sure that the people of the state of Florida and the taxpayers of Orange County had absolutely nothing to say about the way Walt Disney's world was run."

Walt Disney Productions acquired this autocratic power by rushing the Walt Disney World proposal through the Florida legislature, emphasizing the income it would generate for the state. Florida voted yes, granting Disney virtually everything they asked for, and the complex opened in 1971.

Three years later, the corporation decided to try it again, this time in the California Sierra Nevada Mountains near the small town of Truckee. The proposal was ambitious: A base facility, 10 ski lifts, a 300-seat mountain top restaurant and 200-seat lounge, a cog railroad, four shops, service facilities, and 150 lodge rooms, 225 cluster housing units, and 100 campground spaces were included.

Thanks to the persistence and consciousness-raising efforts of one lawyer, Harold Berliner, however, Disney's pushy tactics would fail.

The Truckee proposal, called the Independence Lake Project, wasn't the first Disney idea to fail in California. In the late '60s, the corporation tried to lease U.S. Forest Service land in the Mineral King Wilderness Area, in the southern Sierras. The project was stalled by a Sierra Club suit until President Carter added the area to Sequoia National Park in 1978.

Disney officials, negotiating during the Independence Lake Project, loudly vowed that they wouldn't tolerate another decade-long stall, or a "Dow Chemical-type situation." (Dow Chemical had wanted to build a plant in Solano County but withdrew, claiming unreasonable delays on the part of the county and state.) Disney wanted to shorten the California legislative process and thus achieve the kind of totalitarian grip on the land and county that they held in Florida.

The end of the Independence Lake Project came without a great deal of warning. Wing Chow, the project manager, issued a press release pointing to the ultimate suspension of the project. "We've encountered an irresponsible proliferation of delays, never-ending request for more and more irrelevant information and studies, bureaucratic side-trackings and meanderings into unreasonable alternatives, and ever-increasing costs," said Chow.

However, Tim Beals, Sierra County planning commissioner, told *The Sacramento Bee* in March of 1978 that Disney had been treated fairly, especially concerning the Environmental Impact Report that was due.

"We made a public commitment to have the EIR ready by February 5, 1979. That would give them plenty of time since they didn't want to start building til that summer," said Beals.

The date promised by Beals was well within the 18-month period allowed by the state of California for EIRs to be filed; thus the "undue delays" Chow mentioned can't be considered an excuse for pulling out of the project.

Richard Ellers, a Sierra County resident, also defended the county in a forward he wrote in a booklet published by Berliner. In a meeting with representatives of all parties present, Ellers said that every consideration had been given at all levels to a speedy determination of the Disney application. "The small Sierra County Planning Department," wrote Ellers, "made every effort to expedite the evaluation of the draft Environmental Impact Report, which had been prepared for the project."

"Not one example of any governmental delay was given (by the present Disney reps), nor any excuse given for Disney's delays in failing to provide needed information." Disney knew the rules before they got involved. The corporation's complaints were clearly a tactic to use Sierra County officials to pressure the state into rubber-stamping the EIR.

"Their impact estimates were way off," Nevada County lawyer Berliner told us.

"Sierra County has less than 4,000 people in it, and Disney said that the 25,000 people that the park would attract daily wouldn't appreciably upset things."

Berliner, who had traveled to Walt Disney World to investigate Disney's land agreement there, was convinced that Disney wanted the same kind of local government control in the Sierras. "Listen," he told us, "virtually everyone up here either wanted Disney to build or didn't care. That company was pressuring everyone; they even swung (former governor Jerry) Brown over. But they wouldn't stand for the normally legal procedures. They're paranoid as hell. If it has a good project, Disney should be able to succeed on its own merits, obeying the rules which govern the rest of the state and its citizens — but Disney is used to having life far easier than that."

Recreation parks are integral to the financial health of the company. With the overwhelming success of Florida's new 27,400-acre EPCOT (Experimental Prototype Community Of Tomorrow) Center, which opened last October, Disney's parks are expected to gross over \$1 billion this year. Further expansion, then, is logical. The question is where.

Berliner, though he acknowledges that Republican Governor George Deukmejian may be more receptive to a Disney bid than his Democratic predecessor Brown, doesn't believe that the company is still interested in Northern California. "They've been roughed up twice in California, and they're sick and tired of it," he says.

Jim Wolford, director of investor relations with Walt Disney Productions, told us that the idea isn't completely abandoned. "Independence Lake was a recreational venture," says Wolford. "Demographically, it's still right for development." Politically, though, because of Disney's obnoxious negotiating tactics, it may well be dead.

Other ventures, Wolford added, are more likely. "We're looking to do more parks, particularly in the Southwest and Midwest." One reason those areas might be good prospects, he admitted, was that large tracts of land are available, and local politicians would welcome a well-known theme park operator such as Disney. That

would mean big money. Thus, Disney could possibly get its demands, much as it did in Florida.

Tokyo Disneyland, which just opened April 15, is a joint venture between several Japanese businesses and Disney. The American company invested no money in the project — which is nearly identical to Los Angeles Disneyland — but will receive 10 percent of admissions and 5 percent of food, concession and merchandise sales, in exchange for providing the Disney name, exhibits and characters.

The licensing agreement included a \$66 million loan to Disney from a Japanese syndicate led by Industrial Bank of Japan Ltd. Similar foreign licensing deals are being explored, says Wolford, as long as they won't dilute the drawing power of the established parks.

Wolford, who also is chairman of the company's corporate financial planning committee, said that a 40-acre expansion adjacent to Los Angeles Disneyland is planned, since the company owns the vacant land.

Ed Swort, a senior analyst with the Arnold Berhart Company, publishers of the Value Line Investment Survey, specifically tracks Disney investments. "They (Disney) just bought some land on the Atlantic Coast in Florida, but I don't know how much," Swort told us. "Recreational parks are their strength, so more development is to be expected."

To open EPCOT Center, Disney borrowed massive amounts of money, the interest on which is so far nullifying the increased operating income that the Center has brought in. The Consumer Products Division (mouse caps, t-shirts, and soon computer software) has been steadily profitable, grossing \$140 million in 1982, but this division doesn't offer as much opportunity for growth as do theme parks, admitted Wolford.

One new area which Disney hopes will provide growth potential is cable television. On April 18, Disney turned on its pay-cable satellite network, "The Disney Channel." According to Wolford, the company plans to spend \$100 million over three years on start-up costs and program rentals from other film companies. After the three years, he thinks the channel will be profitable.

Though most sources view the channel's future as successful, some questions concerning its market niche exist. Most cable sources are currently unprofitable, with one cultural pay channel folding this year after losing \$50 million.

Also, and of more importance, is how the channel will be viewed by subscribers. If parents — those who pay for the service — see it as a children's channel, the service may be much more likely to fail than if it is viewed as a family channel, with something to offer adults. People may think hard about spending \$9 a month for a luxury channel for their kids when they can view the Playboy Channel for about the same price. A children's channel, Nickelodeon, is already offered free of charge.

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# In Defense Of The Common

Irresponsibility  
And Road Trips  
...Whadda Life!

by  
Cindy Fulton

## Sacramento College Student

College students get no sympathy. Most people will tell you they deserve none. After all, what could be more fun than living on your own, away from Mom and Dad (but close to their money), partying wildly and taking "road trips" every other weekend?

Where else can a person with no money duck responsibility, procrastinate and drink a keg of beer a month and get away with it?

Nowhere but college, luckily, or what kind of world would we live in?

All this being true, contrary to popular belief, college students do have more on their minds than satisfying libidinal desires. There are those sobering moments when, in between all-nighters and frat parties, students ponder the meaning of it all and wonder what kind of life is in store for the human being. Perhaps there exists in no other single group of people the quality of being able to lay it all on the line, step back objectively and admit that the world is a scary place to live.

Another special quality in college students is their ability to make bonding, lasting friendships based on honesty and mutual need for close relationships. The pressures of living away from home, keeping relatives happy with grades, making devastatingly difficult decisions about moral and career options and keeping up a social life are probably the most trying psychological burdens encountered by people.

Being the rather stereotypical college student that I am — road trips nearly every weekend, all night study sessions at least once a month and constant problems with the opposite sex — I feel my best defense is personal experience. I've been having Sunday afternoon "rap-sessions" almost religiously with a group of six very close friends who attend the state universities at Chico and Sacramento.

The main purpose is to exchange stories about each of our machinations during the party weekend. O.K. We gossip. The meeting place of our gang is always different: sometimes at the "Shady Rest," home of our Chico friends, occasionally in my apartment hot tub, usually at the "Bachelor Pad," home of Kevin and Chris, the Sacto guys; the place is not significant. However, the subject matter is always the same and we always meet on Sunday.

Since the main purpose of these meetings is to discern who "sucked face," slept with or slapped who, the dialogue is animated. Although some might deem this practice unhealthy, I can only testify that these conversations help me to understand myself and others better and to sort out painful and conflicting emotions. The others agree. Before I fell in with these very special friends, I was always experiencing

guilt feelings and doubts with no outlet for discussion and no feedback. The questions are still with me, but now I have supportive suggestions and some very different opinions about life to help me answer and deal with them.

**SEXUALLY ACTIVE: TO BE OR NOT TO BE?** Since we are about the same as most early-twenties adults, sex is one of our main concerns and problems. Ranging from pre-marital sex to abstinence, Herpes to unwanted pregnancy, the discussions are varied. Surprising as I'm sure it is to some, we frequently discuss the morality (or immorality) of pre-nuptial sex. Kay, a psychology major at Chico, has much to say on the subject.

"Sometimes I feel really guilty about sex. Other times I don't. I'm afraid of the

"Contrary to popular belief, college students do have more on their minds than satisfying their libidinal desires."

reputation I would get if I slept around. Then when I find out people have said I'm a 'nice' girl, I don't know how to take it. I wonder if they mean it like, negatively. I feel like a prude and I'm not. I guess I just hate having anyone judge my entire character on the basis of my sexual activity. Since it's such a matter of personal choice, I really don't think anyone has the right to judge — not politicians, psychologists or preachers."

Kevin, an engineering major at Sac State says, "The main problem with sleeping around these days is the big Herpes scare. That disease isn't kiddin' around. It really makes me stop and think sometimes, not like a few years ago when it wasn't so popular. I mean, you have to check these things out. But since I don't have the choice I figure everybody's going to have it sooner or later, what the hell? I don't know if I'm serious about that statement or not, so don't ask me."

Ann, a child development major at Sac State, voices more conventional views on sex. "I've always felt that sex is only appropriate in a relationship where there is love and deep commitment. Until recently, my only sexual experiences were with long-term boyfriends — two of them for four years each. I took a walk on the wild side just this semester on a whim. I felt so guilty afterwards that I felt like telling my mother. Thank God I didn't do that! I made the mistake of thinking that this guy and I could have a relationship. I wrote him, called him and talked to as many of his

friends as I could. For all I know he could be hiding in New Zealand or somewhere. I'm just not cut out for the casual sex scene. However, I don't condemn those that have that kind of relationship. It's just not for me."

**YOU'LL COME TO A FORK IN THE ROAD, WITH 200 PRONGS...**

Another hot topic of discussion in our group is where the future is taking us, as individuals, as a nation, as a species.

Jay, also an engineering major at Sac State has some common questions about the future. "It seems like I'll never be out of college, in the 'real' world. I've had to cut back on units to work part-time, so four years is looking more like five or six.

"Then I think about nuclear war and wonder if it's inevitable and if we're all just wasting our time preparing for a non-existent future. I try to keep up with all that's happening around the world, but it's all so conflicting I wonder if anybody knows what the hell is going on.

"So I'm just trying to keep my grades up, keep my checkbook balanced and have enough fun so that I don't flip out or something. God, when I sit down like this and think, it's all so confusing that I wonder if it's worth it.

"Course, everything seems gloomy on Sunday. I've got a ton of homework and a ton of a half of hangover. But, by Friday, everything will be right with the world. Aren't we going up to Chico again then?"

Derek, a business major at Chico, is less worried about the future.

"I just want to make money. There, I said it. Everybody does, they just are too righteous to admit it. That's capitalism. I try not to feel guilty about what I do now. I'm just trying to plow through school and have as much fun and meet as many women as I can.

"I'm concerned about the state of the world and try to do my part on a small scale through a service/social club. We have great parties and help out a lot of charities and stuff in the area. That makes everybody happy.

"I hate hurting people or seeing them upset. I try not to run over anybody or give them the wrong idea about myself."

We've all admitted to each other and ourselves that we are afraid to grow up. Although college life does have some of the characteristics of "real" life, such as pressures, deadlines, responsibilities, the world of "grown-ups" seems too scary and serious to be tackled now.

Where will the Student Health Center with its free medical service be? What about Spring Breaks in Palm Springs and Ft. Lauderdale? And, most importantly, what will we do without new semesters or quarters to re-discipline ourselves and turn

over new leaves? Where is the transition period?

The scariest thing of all is that we'll be in the "real world" in a few years. Will we be able to find a job or will numerous years of preparation be wasted standing in unemployment lines?

Chris, another engineering major at Sac State says, "I'm in no hurry to get out there. At first, my parents wanted me out in four or five years. No way. I tried taking an outrageous load my first year, and found out why college students have such a high suicide rate. I ended up dropping classes and doing poorly in a few courses. Now I'm taking only two or three classes semester and working and partying. I almost pledged a fraternity. I want to look back on college as a good experience, you know, both book-wise and social-wise, not as a blur. I'm stopping to smell the roses. I'll be a kid for a few more years."

**WHADDAYA WANT, BLOOD?**

The biggest problems of my college career have been deciding on a major (used to be Journalism/Psychology, now it's Government/Journalism, tomorrow...?), trying to get through in five years and self-discipline. Common problems, these are.

Staying healthy hasn't exactly been a piece of cake either.

And that first week, 3000 miles from home, was not quite as wonderful as 1 year old me thought it would be. Were college students allowed to cry? After my fourth bladder infection, second gastrintestinal infection and eighth box of Band-Aids (for my heels) I figured crying was allowed once in awhile.

It amazes me now that so many people make it through college, the same way it amazed me that so many moms live through childbirth after I saw my first Biology 103 film. I guess it's one of those inevitable burdens that some are destined to bear.

I guess if you can make it through college or childbearing, you can do just about anything. You have to push, bear down and sometimes numb the pain with foreign substances, but after it's all over, it's worth the pain, they say.

Moms sometimes do it again. So do some college students; they're called professors.





Photos and Text by  
JEFF WICHMANN

The tag "punk rock" is a name that stirs up visions of drug-crazed adolescents with orange-colored mohawk haircuts slamming into one another on a chaotic dance floor.

This image might be close to the truth, but in general, it represents something of an aberration. Most punks these days are all of 15, are more active than violent, more promiscuous than chaotic, and probably a lot higher on themselves and each other than any drug.

Alas, the punk scene has changed. Those of us who have been watching Quincy and Phil Donahue have been duped by Hollywood theatrics.

Most punk rockers are junior high- and high school-age and still live with their parents. They love to skateboard and they love to go to punk rock concerts. They drink as much beer as they can get their eager little hands on.

And they think the capitalist system sucks, whatever that is.



# Orange Hair And Braces

## Misapprehension And Fear On The Punk Scene



Some say punks put pins into their faces to express their sado-masochistic views on life. But such a sight, at least on the Sacto punk scene, is rare. (They might possibly hide pins under their clothes, so when they return home they can run into the bathroom, take off all their punk clothes, and say to themselves, "We're really punk, aren't we?")

Slam dancing, however, is for real. But these kids drink lots of milk along with their beer, and often their bones are so pliable that they bounce off the hardwood floors and each other like rubber tires. It is very similar to the mating ritual that adult geese go through just before they fly south for the winter. Is it possible that these punk people are actually geese disguised as young adolescents in a torrid of heat and frustrated desire? Notice the unusual amount of bird feathers on the dance floors after some of these punk concerts





# Dear Appie: Boy, have I got problems.

Humor by  
MICHAEL A. BABB

DEAR APPIE:

I never would have written to you, but I really didn't have anywhere else to turn. My husband (I'll call him Earl. No, wait a second, let's call him Bob) recently left me for another woman. I know you are probably saying, "So what," but what makes my problem so bad is that the other woman is my father (let's call him Spud, no, let's call him Charlie). Charlie, it seems just got a sex change operation just so he could be Bob's wife.

I'm shattered. Can you help me?

— TORN

DEAR TORN:

Come on! Do you know what time of year it is? It's finals time, and I've got a term paper due tomorrow and two comprehensives next Monday. Why don't you seek psychiatric help or something?

DEAR APPIE:

I recently purchased a beautiful new set of china. The set cost me a pretty penny, but I felt the extravagance was well worth it. Last night, one of our dinner guests broke two plates and a saucer while playing "porcelain frizbee." He didn't even offer to replace them. Should I approach him about it, or should I wait for him to come to me?

— STUPID

DEAR STUPID:

So who am I, Amy Vanderbilt? Leave me alone with your trivial little bitches, I've got work to do. Seek psychiatric help.

DEAR APPIE:

I wrote to you about a month ago with a life-threatening problem and you told me, in effect, that you didn't really give a damn. Well, I took care of it by myself with the help of a good psychiatrist. Thanks for nothing, you gimp.

— AN EX-FAN

DEAR EX-FAN:

Same to you. Bug me again and I'll print your real name and address and let the whole world know about your obsession with Lassie. Say hello to your shrink for me.

DEAR APPIE:

I'm considering throwing in the towel. My girlfriend dumped me last month and I suppose the pressure was a bit too much for me. I lost my job and flunked out of school after I went on a reckless drinking spree. My parents disowned me and told me they never wanted to see me again.

Alone and helpless, I went downtown and joined a mission for worthless derelicts. There I befriended the only person who ever meant anything to me. His name was Tom, and he gave me the support and inspiration I desperately needed to survive.

Well, Tom got run over by a bus yesterday, and I've been roaming the streets searching for a reason to live. Please help me.

— LOSER

DEAR LOSER:

We all have our problems. I, for example, have a car that won't start and a girlfriend who refuses to put out. Plus, finals are coming up. Give me a break, Bud. Seek psychiatric help.

GOT PROBLEMS? SO DO I, SO LEAVE ME ALONE. FOR MY PAMPHLET ENTITLED "ADVICE COLUMNISTS WHO CARE," WRITE TO ME IN CARE OF THIS PAPER.



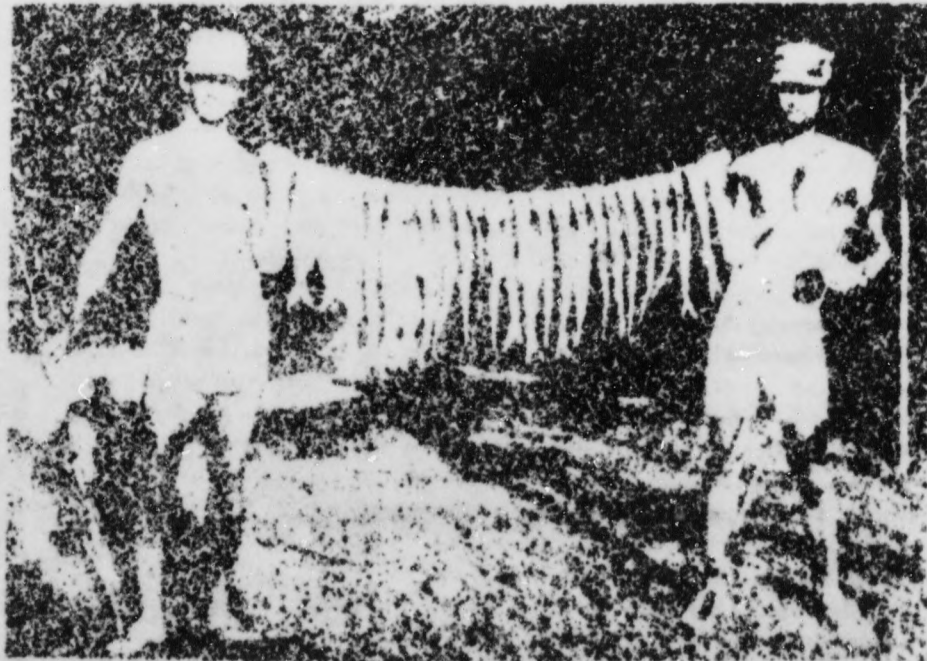
## My Favorite Fish Stories



A friend of mine used to say that fishing was about as exciting as watching paint dry. I disagreed with him then, and I disagree with him now. With a little bit of imagination, even the most restless souls can make angling a fun and enlightening event. Witness these three examples:

Local boy Chuck Stud made good recently when he set a world record and placed in two other events at the North American Fishlifting Championships in Spokane, Wash. Stud shattered Nowegian Hans Buttocks' former mark of 193.6 lbs. by curling 195 lbs. of haddock. Stud, shown here getting in shape for this summer's Stockton Nationals, also placed first in the tuna dead-lift and second in the sardine press. Good job, Chuck!

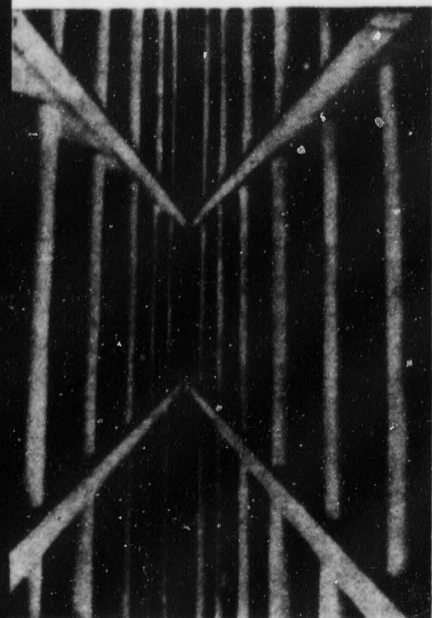
Twin brothers Bud and Buster Dupree, interior decorators extraordinaire from La Deeda, British Columbia, are celebrating the recent issue of a limited edition series of their designer curtains. "Dey are great," says Bud (left). "You can hang dem in your van or in your cabin. Dey can even be used as wind chimes." The ambitious Canadians are presently working on a new concept in fashion jeans, and plan to introduce a revolution in birth control in the near future.



"Summertime, and  
da fish are jumpin'"

By Michael A. Babb





Art by Carl Earl

## The Telling Silence

The Texas summer seethed,  
but her life was iced  
frozen  
in divorce's desolation  
lying still  
in unfamiliar solitude.

Eyes paralyzed, she rocked.  
While wordless mouth  
chewed forgotten fingers,  
I saw the vampire's hunger  
of the sorrow  
that sucked dry her soul.

Stains blotched her yellow robe  
like the hate  
that blacked the joy  
of her spirit  
once sanguine.

And as she slow-sipped her brews  
I saw her savor the man  
she knew she would lose.

— Tom Dresslar

## san francisco expedition

remnants of people  
still haunting the street  
playing out of tune guitars  
singing  
with out of tune voices  
that come  
from out of tune lives  
artifacts  
begging for change  
with a wow thanks man  
have a nice day  
narcotic smile

— J. Rogers



Art by Carl Earl



## Singing

Continued from page 10

"Why do men have holes in the front of their pajamas, Mommy?" a little girl walked by with her mother and pointed.

"So they can ----," I heard her mother's patient voice explain.

But this was New York, and along with plentiful slipper fillers, there were many men running around the streets in their pajamas at that hour. At least I still had the bottoms on.

And all at once it started to rain. Talk about hidden significance. It was a moment, shall we say, like in the movies. I just couldn't help it — I began to sing. I really Gene Kellyed it up once I got into it. Even swung around a lamp post once or twice. Did a little tap, tap and before I knew it, I was rushing back upstairs to begin to look for my love. No, not Myrna.

There was Strip-A-Gram and barefacts Telegram. There were gorillas, balloons, women who loved shoes. There were Belly-Grams and stripping santas. Gift-wrapped queens and gift-bearing Greeks. There were video-cassettes of suburban New Jersey housewives and Jews for

Jesus. Lind, Arlene and Linette would all call me with my own telephone fantasy. I could sample the Orient right in my own living room and George, would you please come home. The ads started running together as my eyes, bleary with lack of sleep, pressed mercifully closed.

You are probably wondering how this story ends. Maybe you are thinking that I wouldn't rest until I had found that little girl, since now for me no other woman existed. That I'd call every telegram place in the city, check every one, until I had reached my goal. And yes, I'd find her, she'd need some polishing up, to be sure, before I'd take her home to my parents in Bensonhurst, just like in other stories of this nature.

No.

That isn't what happened.

What happened was that I got up, poured a cup of coffee, forgot all about Myrna and the little blonde (or was it read-head?) and got back to my civil war detective novel. Because, someday, I'm going to make it.



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AT

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May 19th

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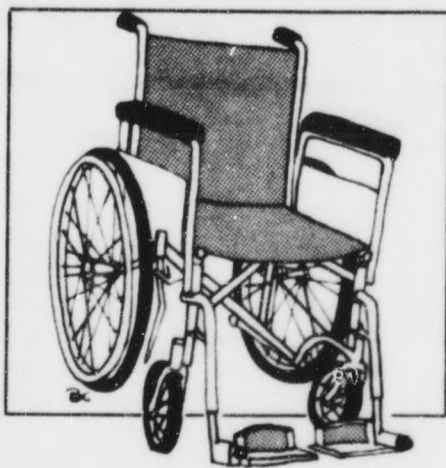
Little Charlie & The Night Cats

BEAVERBROOKS NORTH

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## The Disease

Continued from page 9

on behind your own doors. All she wanted was to get some sleep.

Dave gave Art a mild sleeping pill, to relax him, and Dee and Art went back home as soon as Art felt tired. But he couldn't sleep, and soon he was back at the neighbors again. Art was so worked up that Dee decided to call an ambulance. He needed some help. The ambulance took him to American River Hospital, but they sent him to the UC Davis medical center. There really isn't much that AR could do for people with HD.

Many hospitals just don't have the facilities to deal with HD, and there is no real treatment for it anyway. Dee feels lucky to have found the VA hospital in Palo Alto.

**W**e pull into the hospital. Art's ward is on the second floor. Dee walks into the lobby where she says hello to a couple of people. Upstairs the nurses are pleased to see her. She stands at a crossroad of the hospital corridors to tell a nurse with a red, scrubbed face that she plans to bring an Easter Bunny cake to the Easter party next weekend. She is engrossed in this conversation when Art comes around the corner.

He is thin, oh, so thin. He dances around. He moves like a puppet with some gigantic puppeteer holding him up by a string between his shoulder blades, barely letting his feet dangle close enough to touch the floor.

But his eye! It hurt to look at. Swollen shut and red, the lower lid turned out, swollen away from his eyeball, looking almost pussy. Sore, achingly sore. Banded on his forehead, just above his eye. What jarring pain he must feel, with an eye like that and his continuous dancing; jerky dancing. You could almost sense the flavor of iron he must taste in his brain from a blow to the head like that one.

Art danced closer. He peered at Dee through his unhurt eye. When she didn't turn around, he danced back down the hall.

The Scrub Face nurse was saying, "He's been bad this week. We had to shut him in his room. I think going home last weekend was bad for him. He's been acting up all this week."

Dee turned and saw Art. He was puppeting back up the hall.

"Oh my God! What happened to your eye? What happened to his eye?"

"He fell." The nurse was looking pained. "We wanted him to wear a helmet, we thought it would protect him if he fell . . ." But Dee wasn't listening. She was greeting her husband.

He stopped his dancing just long enough for her to lean over and give him a kiss. Then he was off down the hall again.

"Oh my God, not again, how did he do it? It looks awful? Poor baby."

Scrub Face Nurse said that he'd fallen three days ago, and he'd had to have five stitches over his eye. Yes, they'd thought about calling Dee but they decided that she worried too much. It wasn't good for her. They'd been afraid that she would jump in her car and come right down.

"Of course I would have. Oh dear, poor baby." Dee wished she'd known about this sooner, she wished she'd been with him sooner. They should have called her. They are loving and thoughtful and fantastic nurses, but she wished that they would have called her.

The nurse said, "He's been giving our night janitors a bit of trouble. They're big guys, too, and he goes up to them and you know . . . He bothers them."

Her voice takes on a confidential overtone, "Does he have some reason to dislike black men? Is there something in his past that happened? Does he not like blacks?"

Dee looked horrified at the thought. "No . . . No . . ." Dee didn't know what to say. She was astonished. "He flew with black men. He had black men on his squad."

"Well, these janitors are black, and he doesn't like them. He's been giving them some trouble."

Dee was off down the hall to ask Art about this.

**A**rt was in his room, sitting on the edge of the bed. The room was empty except for the hospital bed and one chair. His closet had been rolled across the hall to the washroom so he wouldn't hurt himself if he got violent. His glasses and the cast-off protective helmet were on the chair. That was it.

Green walls, a sound insulated ceiling, and a green patterned linoleum floor. And Art, sitting on the edge of his bed.

Dee sat beside him. "Oh, Art, oh your eye. How did you do it? Did you fall?" Art nodded. "Oh honey, I hate to see you like this. Oh it hurts me so much. Your poor eye, your poor eye."

She went to him and hugged him and started to cry. He hugged her back, for a second, and then he started to get restless again. He paced about in his room.

"Art, Art how did you fall?" She was still teary eyed.

Art danced around. He slurred his words. "They're giving me too much medicine. Urine . . . I urinate, I slipped."

"Oh, you slipped in the bathroom?"

"Y . . . Y . . . Yeah. I fell . . ." He peered around.

"Did you get into a fight? Did you fight with anyone?"

"No. Why should I fight? I don't fight." He danced around. He peered out the door, then he danced back. "I don't fight."

She asked him if he disliked black men. No, he didn't dislike blacks.

Art puppeted down the hall with Dee trailing after him. When he stopped to talk to a patient, Dee was relieved. At least he's starting to get used to the people here. He's talking to a patient. That's good. He's been keeping pretty much to himself.

Dee had noticed changes in Art. Personality changes. Just when these changes began, she's not sure. He got mean sometimes when he drank. That wasn't really typical of him. Oh, not really mean, but he picked fights, acted tough. He never was the type to be open about love, really. Still, he was romantic in his way.

He was a pilot in the Air Force, a fighter pilot. He flew planes over Hiroshima. That can change a person . . . the bombing, the violence. Conflict. Maybe the changes were stress, tension? Wasn't it normal for Vets?

His walk changed. He'd always had a peculiar walk. He sort of threw one leg out to the side, jerky, y'know? That grew more pronounced. His wife thought that it was some sort of family trait. She'd seen his mother three times and noticed the same strange gait. Dee didn't know then that this gait was characteristic of the main form of HD.

Chorea, Greek for dance.

HD patients often have this characteristic walk. It's a dancing, jerking, continuous motion. Sometimes HD is called Huntington's Chorea, but not formally since other forms of the disease exist which don't involve any dancelike movements at all.

HD is a tricky disease to diagnose. Not much is known about it. A person rarely just 'gets' it. Once in a while, ever so rarely, because of a mutant gene or something not known for sure, a person will get it without it having been passed down through generations. But that is rare. Rare.

Most victims are born with it, inherit it from their Mom or Dad who inherited it from their Mom or Dad. The disease is there, living within the victim like a parasite, waiting to break open and consume the victim's life. But to a doctor who has never seen a case of HD before, it is not always readily apparent as Huntington's Disease.

Art wouldn't go to a doctor and Dee didn't force him to.

**T**hen Art was involved in a minor traffic mishap near his house. No one was hurt, but Art didn't know where he was or who he was. He was wandering around in the street and someone got his license and called Dee. That was the end of the procrastination. Dee took Art to a doctor.

He was diagnosed as having Huntington's Disease. The diagnosis wasn't definite. All the brain scans and the cat scans couldn't be definite proof. But that was the suspicion.

Art wouldn't let Dee tell anyone. Not even their two sons, Bobby and Michael. He couldn't believe or he wouldn't believe that it was true. There had to be some mistake. There just had to be. There

should be. Every year for the 27 years that Art was in the Air Force he'd had a physical. Every year those doctors had had a chance to examine his walk and diagnose HD. If he really had it wouldn't one of those doctors have diagnosed it?

But it is such a tricky disease. In 1978 the diagnosis was confirmed. Huntington's Disease. HD. There was no choice but to tell their sons. It's a hereditary disease. Men and women alike can get it. There is a fifty-fifty chance that one or both of their boys have it. And both sons have children.

HD involves the whole family, more than most diseases. There is a definite chance that a child of an HD victim will get HD. It never skips a generation. If Father or Mother has it, there is a 50 percent chance that Child will begin to show its symptoms between age 30 and 45.

Some forms of HD show up in children as young as two years old, and some times symptoms pop up at late as 70 or 80. If Child doesn't have HD, doesn't inherit it from a parent, Grandchildren won't get it. But a person must be in his 80's without any symptoms before he can be sure that

"Some gigantic puppeteer is holding him up by a string between his shoulder blades, barely letting his feet dangle close enough to touch the floor."



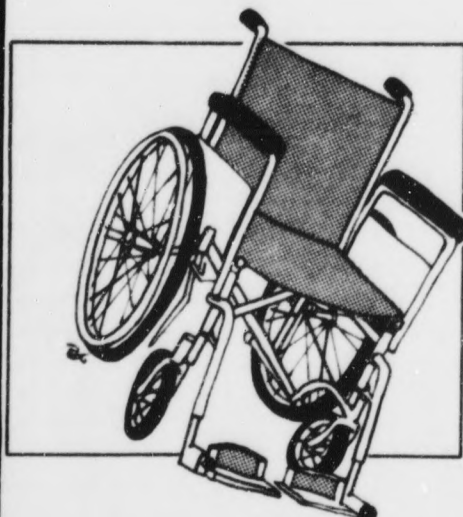
he is free of HD.

When someone in your family has it, you worry about him. There is the care needed for him. There is the horror, the fright to see a man, once intelligent, a man who has a masters in physics and who flew planes in the war, to see this man dance up and down while a nurse sings some childish little Easter song in a baby voice. To see his dignity taken away.

And for Bobby and Michael, the sons, there is the suspicion that he has HD. This is a terribly frightening thing for them to see what the disease can do and then to worry that they'll get it one day. Or their children. Or their brother. And Michael—Michael can't let his boss know. How could he expect to get a promotion to a position of responsibility if his boss knows that he could possibly have a neurological disease that will leave him incapacitated in a few years? And Bobby's wife has to live with the pain of knowing that maybe one day Bobby will think of her more as a mother than as a wife. And that her children could lose control of their own bodies. She can love him and love him and love him and all the time know that they won't grow old together. That there will be no golden years for the two of them. Bobby will never retire and take her to the Baha-

Continued on page 25





## The Disease

Continued from page 24

mas. He'll be hospitalized somewhere, not remembering much, in a wheel chair so he won't fall down and hurt himself. Having trouble dressing. Drooling. In some cases he'll be scary to his grandchildren, instead of fun and fantastic like a grandpa should be.

There is the incredible sadness and the pain and the terror that comes to Bobby in the middle of the night when he wakes up wanting to scream. And at every twitching of his body the terrible dread. And the certainty that he has it. That he has Huntington's. The wondering, the waiting . . . That alone would be enough to drive a man mad.

And now Bobby has children. It could happen to them. To know that they might have to go through what he is going through right now is almost more than

anyone should have to bear. So he tries to resign himself not to think all that much about it.

**B**ut there is another way to cope. Running away from it. Michael avoids his father with HD as though not seeing him will make it go away. Does he blame Art in his heart for what Art might have given him? Could you blame someone for a disease? Sometimes Michael tries. Guilt, pain, and always the dread.

Or maybe he is so terrified, so afraid he has it that he hurts for his father who has it. He hurts, he hurts so bad that he can't bring himself to visit Art, not out of revulsion, but out of love. Fighting in the family, sadness. "Go see your father. Go visit him so he knows you love him," but Michael can't because if he goes he knows his lungs will collapse and his whole body will cave in and there will be nothing left but tears and the fact that Art is dying. Really dying.

And then there is the financial strain. Care gets expensive. Dee was lucky to be able to have Art accepted to the V.A. Hospital where he gets free care because he is a Vet. Dee had tried just about everywhere. Nursing homes were too expensive considering that they didn't really provide the right care for HD patients. And those facilities that did provide care had waiting lists that seemed to be years long. Dee needed some help NOW.

She had gone to the Veterans Administration building to see if the people there could help her. She still isn't sure why she ended up going there. She had started out to go to UC Davis Medical Center with Art, but ended up at the V.A. so she went in.

Art acted up. He yelled, and screamed and told people that his wife had cancer. That she was trying to put him away because she has cancer. Dee doesn't have cancer, and the scene was just too much for her. She stood there and cried. She was worn out. Please, couldn't someone help her?

A woman motioned Dee into her office. "Can I help you?" She was a social worker. Dee had never been to a social worker before in her life, and she was totally amazed and grateful that maybe someone could help her at last.

Art said, "My wife has cancer and she has to go to the hospital and she wants to put me away."

The social worker called someone on the phone to find out about placing Art. She said into the phone that Art was paranoid, and Art screamed at her, "How do you know what I've got?"

Dee couldn't take the scene. "I've got to go now. I have to get him home." The social worker said she'd be in touch. Art and Dee went out to the car. On the way home Dee cried. She looked at her husband and said, "Now why did you act like that? That woman called you a paranoid! Why did you do that?"

"I didn't act like that," said Art.

That had been Friday, and the weekend that followed was a long one for Dee. All night Art walked around. And the next day he was pacing, pacing. Dee couldn't get any rest. She jumped every time the phone rang for fear Art would throw it across the room or slam it down. He wouldn't let her go to the door.

HD victims get violent, they seem to possess super-human strength. They are restless, and go without sleep for long spells

of time.

Art was up and going all weekend. But Monday morning when the phone rang, Art was asleep.

"Can you talk?" the social worker asked Dee.

"Yes."

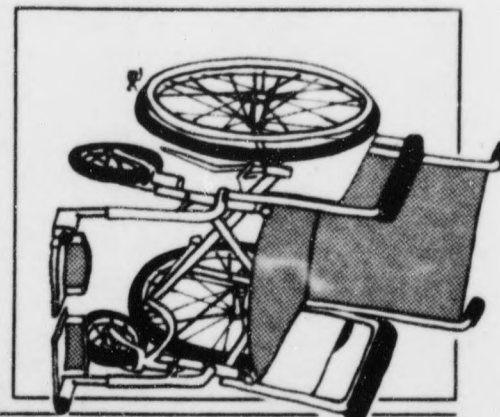
"I think that I've found a place that will take your husband."

Dee couldn't say anything for a while. She just couldn't believe it. At last, someone had helped her. Someone was going to take care of her husband. Someone would help Art.

Dee was in a daze while the social worker told her about Palo Alto's V.A. hospital. It would be almost a week before Art would actually go, but a great sense of pressure was lifted off of Dee.

Now she misses him, but she knows that it is for the best. People are caring for him. And with her heart the way it is, it's better for her to have the strain of caring for him full time relieved. And he's happy there, and safe.

So she doesn't mind the long drive to Palo Alto from Sacramento to see her husband. She only minds that he has this disease.



## Tranquil Today

He stood at the edge of the lake late that afternoon, staring at the pristine beauty surrounding him. What did it all mean, this thing called life?

Looking at the life that surrounded him, his own life was somehow dwarfed and diminished by the largeness of nature.

His eyes studied the jagged mountain edges. Tough, rough, rugged, ragged contours that jutted, no, pierced the cerulean blue sky. His eyes surveyed the body of water before him. Tranquil today. Soft ripples reflecting blurred images of mountains the waves carressed.

This was a world of absolutes. An unforgiving otherness that made his world look inconsequential. After all, what difference would his silicon chip world make to the todays and tomorrows of these mountains? How they must look down on man and laugh.

What did all mean over the long term? He had poured years of energy into educating himself to be an engineer. Shaping, molding his mind to create the electronic marvels that would save mankind.

Or would they? He was beginning to have doubts creep in and crumble his absolutes, his conviction of a better world through electronics. That's why he was here. Escaping a synthetic world for one that was real.

What did it all mean, this high tech world of his? Yes, he thought, we'd been brainwashed into thinking it is the saviour of the century. Or is it?

He was groping with feelings of dissatisfaction lately. There was a hunger inside him that was beginning to scream. Wasn't there something more to life, he thought, than the efficient hum of computers and conversations with artificial intelligence?

And then there were times, in the middle of the night, that he would curse his loneliness. For the sultans of high tech had yet to create an electronic being that would reach out to him and say, "I love you."

— Barbara Kubichka

## Guatemala

Continued from page 11

anyway. Instead he and a lady friend, Sonia, took us shopping at some of the wonderful little shops in the city.

Time flew by so quickly because all the little hand-craft shops were so delightful. Towards the end of the day, though, I began to feel a little sad because the stores were all so deserted. In any case, you'll have to see all the neat little things I bought down here. (There's so much I can't describe it all.) And it's all so cheap. Walter explained that that was because people are getting desperate because there are so few tourists nowadays.

(I told him how much we sympathized because I remembered how slow things were at our bridal shop a few years ago.)

Anyway, Sonia was a very lovely girl who works at the university here and spoke pretty good English for a Guatemalan. I told her how surprised we were that there were so many fine galleries and museums here. She was especially excited about showing us these sculptures a friend of hers did. She was very proud of them (I didn't understand them) but also very sad because she said her friend had been para-

lyzed from the neck down in a shooting accident and would never work again. She tried to sell us some but I told her we couldn't possibly take away a person's life work.

Well, I'm going to have to sign off now. Harry's due to return any minute now (he went to get some more film for his camera) because today we're supposed to visit someplace called Jutiapa, where Walter's family lives. Harry seemed kind of concerned (I really don't think he wants to go) because it's supposed to be real close to the border with San — or is it El Salvador (I never can remember the names of these little countries down here). Anyway that's supposed to be dangerous he said, although Walter says he goes there all the time.

Well, we'll see. We're only going to be here for a few more days anyway and we really haven't seen very much. Say hello to all our friends (I'll bet they'll be surprised). Hope to see you all soon.

Love, Myrna and Harry







## George The Traffic Cop And Henry David Thoreau Have A Lot In Common

Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction, — a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. . . Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work.

An impossibly tall order? Who among us then or now could be found living life so fully? I could think of no one until I remembered George Vieck, directing cars each semester weekday as they careen to and fro the boundaries of CSUS. George does have what some might call a poor station in life.

No other traffic control officers show signs of having joyous souls inside their humble blue uniforms. They usually direct traffic impatiently, scowling — or have at best a resigned expression on their faces. Their bodies seem to be just going through the motions — turning this way and that to face their intended column of cars, with hands limply bobbling at the ends of arms they motion us on with.

But George stands erect, straight and

proud, where Jedsmith crosses College Town Drive, his bright blue shirt hugging the curve of his full belly. In fair weather he wears white gloves, and those gloves fly. His fingers spike the air like ever-darting arrows that not only direct the flow of cars but send our spirits soaring. George's whole body seems to be in crisp harmony with his lively fingers — he whirls and stamps his feet like a Russian dancer.

In bad weather, he dons heavy yellow oilskins and black gloves, yet his energetic motions are not muffled under this bundling.

His face is the most inspiring of all. His face sparkles and glows; he is a man in love with his task. His eyes snap with tart juices of life, as full of a wonderful secret as the eyes of a composer who is conducting his favorite orchestra as it plays his masterpiece. George transforms traffic.

Indeed, he has raised directing traffic to an art, a pure art. He's been called the Marcel Marceau of his campus corner. One professor paid tribute to him: "The best thing about coming to school is your intersection!"

Each time I drive past George, he reminds me of what a miracle it is to be

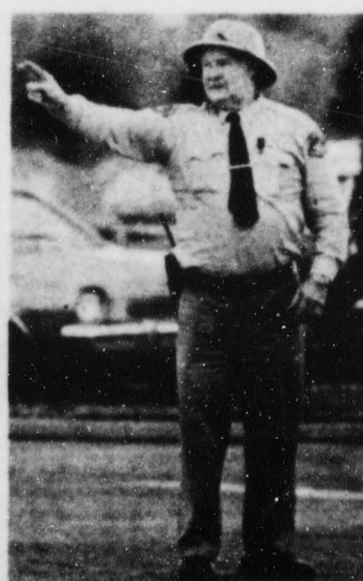


Illustrations by Ernie Olson

alive, and I see faces in other cars light up too for a few minutes. Not a bad gift George gives us, though I don't think he does it for us. He seems to simply be living his life to the fullest, joyfully carrying out Thoreau's "work" of the universe from that grimy university intersection. And I suspect the Muse has noticed.

Text By  
JUNE COMARSH

In Walden's Conclusion, Henry David Thoreau tells his readers to "Love your life, poor as it is. You may have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house." Later Thoreau advises:



Photos by John Stofle

## George Says He'll Retire This Year — If It Rains

George Vieck has been telling people where to go for over 23 years now. In fact, he's probably told you where to go on more than one occasion. "Who is George Vieck and why is he telling people where to go," you ask?

Well, he's CSUS' biggest celebrity and, perhaps, the most liked individual on campus. George is that rubber-armed patrol officer who stands in the middle of CSUS' College Town exit directing traffic every day.

Standing in the middle of an intersection can be a pretty dangerous job, but George feels at home with it. He admits,

though, to having been hit on a number of occasions, but "not hard."

"Very lightly," he laughs. "And then it's only been by my good friends here on campus. Just a little gesture of friendliness as they're going by at about 20 miles-per-hour."

"The most unusual thing that's ever happened was when a couple of guys missed their line of direction somewhat and ran over my toes as they were going by waving. It didn't break my toes, though."

George says a lot of pleasant things have happened to him in his 23 years on campus. He's mostly grateful for all the

friends he's made over the years. "I have people remember me and give me things to eat and drink because I happen to love to do both."

Of late a number of rumors have been circulating on campus that George has threatened to quit with each rain storm. He responds, "I only feel like quitting during a rain storm, but then when the sun comes out, why then I'm revived. That's no quitting."

George does plan on retiring some day, but when, he can't say. "It's hard to look into the future. It's a flexible situation. My friends and fans say to me, 'You better stay

on another 10 years.' It's possible."

George has been thinking about the time when he retires more frequently in the past few months. He had originally planned on getting his yard in shape, but now has other plans for his retirement.

"In the last six months I have had the fantasy to get somewhere in the entertainment field and fulfill my desire to make people laugh and be happy for the rest of my days."

After all, that's what he's been doing at CSUS for the past 23 years.

— STEVE TERR



# Walleyball Anyone?

How One Manufacturer  
Is Helping The Racquetball  
Industry Avoid The  
Economy's Killshot

By Bill Layne

Getting court time to play racquetball in the late '70s was about as easy as seeing the Rolling Stones at the Los Angeles Coliseum. The advice — get there early.

Racquetball used to have the appeal of Jagger, et al, but the huge growth figures for what some people call "the perfect sport" have fallen more quickly than a Marty Hogan opponent. Sporting Goods Dealer Magazine recently reported that racquetball equipment sales have declined 10 to 30 percent during the past two years, club building is at a virtual standstill, and memberships and court time usage continue to decrease. Most industry observers cite the stagnant economy and the average American fickleness for a fad as reasons for the slide.

To avoid the economy's impending killshot, racquetball equipment manufacturers are pushing various promotional programs aimed at stimulating interest and attracting new members. Promoters are sponsoring clinics, seminars and camps for the younger, grass roots players. At the club level, owners are shifting emphasis to the clubs' social aspects by hiring aggressive program directors to organize ancillary activities.

While most of these efforts are concentrated toward increasing racquetball's appeal, AMF Voit has opted for a different tact. The 50-year-old athletic equipment manufacturer and pioneer of inflated rubber balls, through promotion of two new court games, is asking club owners to re-evaluate what they are selling.

"Not racquetball," says Lee Jones, merchandise manager for AMF Voit, "but court time.

"We know that there is room for core growth in racquetball, but why stop there? Why not try to use the courts to interest other groups of players?"

Jones heeded his rhetorical question and began marketing Wallyball and Court Soccer, two games that are variations of volleyball and soccer, but with rules and equipment designed for the 20-foot by 40-foot, four-wall racquetball court. Both games are not new, Jones says, but old ideas that can prosper because of one variation — the balls.

Jones, who is an engineer by training, developed the Wallyball and Court Soccer balls with special, foam covers that permit better rebounds off the walls. The patented rubber surface actually reacts with the walls in the same fashion as a racquetball or handball.

"The walls are integral parts of the games, just as in racquetball," Jones says. "But try playing Wallyball and Court Soccer with a conventional volleyball or soccer ball and all you get is a 'thud' when they hit the wall. Then, they slide away."

While the balls make the games, promotions and publicity interest the club owners. For example, Wallyball has gained quick popularity because of the efforts of Joe Garcia, a former racquetball club pro in Southern California who actually calls himself Mr. Wallyball.

Mr. Wallyball, as founder and president of Wallyball Inc., has also sold more than 1,400 Wallyball kits to club owners throughout the world. The kit promises everything to get started except the players — net, wall anchors, instructions for installation, shirts, rules, guidelines for organizing Wallyball leagues and, of course, AMF Voit's Official Wallyball.

Wallyball's sister game, Court Soccer, melds the rules of racquetball and soccer, again with the aid of AMF Voit's Official Court Soccer Ball. One bounce off the front wall and then the ball can be either foot-juggled and returned or immediately returned. Singles or doubles can be played with the number four size, bright yellow ball.

Jones and AMF Voit are positioning the game as an excellent training mechanism for soccer coaches because it allows the players to practice soccer fundamentals more often than at conventional outdoor practices. The game has caught on so well in California that the California Interscholastic Federation, California's governing body for high school athletics, accorded Court Soccer "individual sport" status. The ruling means that the game does not conflict with eligibility requirements for team soccer or other team sports.

Orders for the new Wallyball and Court Soccer ball are doing well, Jones says. But as publicity and promotions unfold, he expects more dealers to pick up the products.

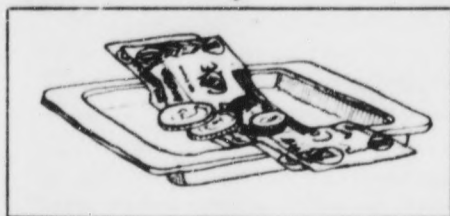
"Most of the club owners we have talked to are excited about the opportunities Wallyball and Court Soccer present. So now, AMF Voit has changed from just providing a racquetball equipment line to a court sports product line."

That's logical. After all, the Coliseum is used for more than just Rolling Stones concerts.

For more information about Wallyball and Court Soccer, write AMF Voit Inc., 3801 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, Ca. 92704.







## Restaurant

Continued from page 18

Karen shakes her head in disgust. "Ben, it's too incredible and tacky. I've got to serve these things and I'll be back in a flash." She paws through the spoon container knocking aside poorly cleaned spoons until she spies one shiny spoon.

\*\*\*\*

"Your soup, ma'am. Please be careful, it is very hot." Although the salad plate is frosted cold, Karen uses her napkin to set the plate silently in front of him.

"Sir, would you care for fresh ground pepper on your salad?"

\*\*\*\*

Back inside the bright kitchen, Karen finds Ben folding napkins at the long table set behind the salad bar. She launches into a quick recitation of their managers' most recent and outrageous exploit. Karl, the indiscreet manager, has taken a fancy to Pepe, one of the illegal aliens brought up

from Mexico to provide the cheap and menial dishwashing and food preparation kitchen labor. A homosexual manager using a kitchen boy was not the outrage that so offended the servers. Sex was sex, so what. Indeed, more than once in the swift history of that restaurant, heterosexuality was the exception, not the rule. No, the manager had broken a taboo far worse than rebelling against the nationally approved sexual preference social code; he had dragged the truth from behind the kitchen doors out to the main lobby where it too easily could have been seen by a customer.

"I swear to God, Ben, I saw 'Queen Kitty' catch Pepe in a half-nelson, real playfully. Then he says — are you ready for this? — 'Pepe, I told you, no 'sixty-nine!' He says this RIGHT OUT IN THE MAIN LOBBY! ANY CUSTOMER MIGHT HAVE WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR OR UP FROM THE DINING ROOM!"

Ben, himself a homosexual, is mortified. "Unbelievable," he says shaking his head. "He's going to ruin us all."

Breezing through the kitchen doors, comes Karl. Without stopping to look, he announces in a stretched pitch, "Where's Ben? Tell him I sat him early."

"O.K., Karl. I'm right here. Thanks."

"Alright, you guys, forget the napkins. We're getting busy."

\*\*\*\*  
We're getting busy. The waiters and waitresses look at each other and silently translate the euphemism for what it is: The Pump. We're moving into the Pump. Customers and management call it 'the dining hour,' this busy time, usually between 7:30 and 9:30 p.m., but the kitchen crew uses the real word: Pump. It's that time of night when, not minutes or one minute, not even half-a-minute, but seconds, SECONDS are squeezed for their last drop of utility. Can any customer understand that the time of night of his greatest leisure, is, for the waiter his time of most furious and unrelenting activity?

\*\*\*\*

"Frank! Gimme a marti-up, Daniels-over, and a Virgin Straw. Also a bottle of Beringer Chardonnay with 5. I'll be right back." O.K., o.k. — let's see. Bread, four, no five. Salads: two blue, three house. Four chowder. Oh, my appetizer—

"Pantry-Order IN — Oysters on the half —" Table 33 needs coffee. Hot towels on eleven. Is that Straw blended yet? Those damn foo-foo drinks take forever to make.

"PULL THE BREAD!" God, don't let them be burned. Is my ap. out yet?

"Ruis, my oysters, por favor."

I can't get all this on one tray. Alright, what goes? Bread, oysters, the drinks —

let her suck on the Strawberry Daquiri for a few minutes — hot towels. Is there hot water back here?

"Hey, Gene! Is there hot water on that coffee machine at your end?"

"Dream on, Karen."

Oh, hell, what else is new. I'll make some hot water. Coffee pot, coffee pot — where's the damn coffee pot?

"WHERE'S A DAMN COFFEE POT FOR HOT WATER??" Skip it. No time. Get the drinks.

"Thanks, Frank. Foo-foo looks nice."

Crowded. Too many waiters back here.

"Behind! Comin' through with drinks!" God, get me out of here . . . Coffee on 33. Where's my busboy? Maybe my midstation has coffee and hot water — Oh, DAMN! — table 42 needs their check totaled. Make them wait any longer and I'll blow my tip — and I've got to serve this wine.

In the kitchen, everywhere, there is furious movement. At the salad bar three waiters scramble over and on top of each other grabbing handfuls of lettuce, and clumps of bean sprouts and mushrooms. Once tossed into bowls, they dump the dressing on top and bang the ladle on the bowl edge before chucking the ladle back into the blue cheese. They whip the thick globs of dressing into the lettuce then scoop

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## Beyond Video

Continued from page 5

mike and sings "Two More Bottles of Wine;" the Grandma gets up and kisses Moriss after a teary ballad, pianist Janet Louise searches for a substitute cocktail waitress ("Naw, yer legs are too hairy") a woman converses with Moriss as he plays a song, strumming and listening; and Glenn from Willows returns for another encore.

The whole scene is marvelous, watching Moriss talk with the people at various tables. One table replays the band's set on a tape recorder and Moriss laughs; another table hands Moriss several polaroid photos, maybe of the kids; others approach Moriss for free eight by ten autographed glossies ("To Rob: Good Luck. Moriss Taylor"). Anyone and everyone who wants to talk to Moriss or the band gets the opportunity.

"Hey Moriss, can I look at your guitar?"

"Why sure, Bill. It's a real beauty, isn't it? With these switches here, yeah, that red button. . ."

We shake our heads.

"None of this would ever happen at a Police concert," Cathy observes. "They'd never let you get this close."

"You pay \$15 a ticket and you get herded around, maybe getting a quarter mile from the stage," I agreed. "Get anywhere near the band and the Graham pigs would club you. Just think, Day On The Green. . ." We both nodded in disgust. Moriss makes his way over to our table and tells us stories.

"I used to go to those holly roller churches when I was young," he begins, stirring the ice in his drink, "But I didn't go there for the religion. I would sit there in the front pew and watch the guitar player in the choir, watch his fingers and figure out the chord patterns. I'm a self taught musician," he says, proudly.

Moriss is short, with a round, kind face that seems inclined to smiling. He's alert, a little hyper, but you don't feel at all intimidated by his presence. You could ask him most anything.

We prod out other stories about his career — the cigar-box violin his father made him ("He carved the neck out of cedar"), his performances with Bob Willis and Ernest Tubb, the old black and white television days, his live radio show in the forties ("I used to play the guitar right there over the airwaves") and his present television show.

The Moriss Taylor Show, syndicated in Modesto, Monterey, Santa Rosa and Vallejo, strains under small town restrictions. But as Moriss notes, "It's produced in a small town, but we're compared right up there with the big shows — 'Nashville

Music' and 'Hee-Haw'."

"This format's been very successful for me," Moriss grins, adding that a Modesto airing was once preempted and loyal viewers "raised a big ruckus."

"Once we changed and went into a Hee-Haw type format, with cornball jokes and costumes and all that. Our ratings dropped. So I went out on the street and asked people 'What went wrong?' They said 'Moriss, we don't want another Hee-Haw'."

He leaves our table with a generous invitation to the KHSL TV 12 studios for a look at country television in action.

**T**hinking back on the visit, our initial stereotype becomes more and more cruel. They were hardly the hokey band we initially cast off.

In the rear offices of KHSL TV 12, music and note paper litter a wooden conference table. Moriss and the band hammer the dents out of tonight's show. White hat absent, Moriss' black hair is combed back, emphasizing a tense, furrowed brow. His eyes are hard, live pavement, concentrating. Up since 4:30 a.m. hosting his weekly radio show, it's now rehearsal time for the evening taping.

"O.K. — we've got ten more minutes to rehearse four songs. Let's go," Moriss urges. Crammed into this small office are a full drum set, three guitar amps, three vocalists, sweat, tension — this is hard work. Edit all music to two minutes or less. Smooth out harmonies. Omit guitar intro. Repeat last chorus twice, forget the bridge.

Jim and Jenny West joke and keep things smooth; they drove all the way down from Quincy to sing tonight's featured cover tune, "Big Olde Brew (and a little ol' you)."

Feet tap, the band punches out a good country tune (nice harmonies) and I read the liner notes on Moriss' 45 RPM record "Sweetie Pie Pumpkin." Great writing on the sleeve:

"Steeped in country music, raised in the atmosphere of a house to house floating Saturday night shindig, Moriss had him a guitar before he was big enough to span the frets. At 14 he won a regional amateur contest in Picher, Oklahoma, singing 'The One Rose.' That did it."

Indeed. It's 8:30; the rehearsal ends. The band lugs guitars, amps, cymbals and drums through linoleum halls and past news desks to the tight studio. The two women vocalists beeline to the employee restroom. Next to the plywood wagon wheels, potted plastic plants and background scenery (painted on cardboard Kenmore dryer box), musicians and TV crew dart about in last minute preparation.

"We put a show together in two, two and a half hours, and they (network programs) get a day to two days. We always try to give a professional performance," Moriss explains.

Jim and Jenny West, with clean Lawrence Welk smiles, stand straight, ready for their duet.

"O.K. — everybody ready?" a fat cameraman shouts.

"No nose pickin'" someone cracks.

"No butt pickin', either," Jenny retorts, sweetly. The studio cracks up, smiles blaze and the Moriss Taylor Show rolls on down the trail.





## Eyes Of Youth

Eyes of youth  
reside in pirates patched.  
They scope the treasured isles  
but black the sadder sights  
of Mission Street life.

Old ladies burdened,  
bent  
under dead husbands  
and amnesiac families,  
they push companion carts  
with shrivled  
blue-veined hands.  
A whisper  
wishing death  
begs for full voice.  
They see a shrunken world  
through loneliness-laden eyes.

Daily drunks zigzag,  
bent  
at gutted stomachs.  
They clutch comforting smokes  
with cracked and quivering lips.  
Their death eyes  
stalk the hearts  
of same-souled passersby.  
They stagger in dreamless hells,  
they courageously parade.

Midst this, boys  
play.  
Cowboys and Indians,  
shoot rubber bands  
from woden guns  
and see the squalor and strife  
like the glancing eyes  
in a bus bound for home.

— Tom Dresslar

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Consult the White pages for Local Listings

EOE-M/F



## Kingdom

Continued from page 19

The oft-cited promise of pay TV isn't usually associated with family or children's programming, either. Sports, x-rated flicks, and first-run movies will bring in revenue, but will "Welcome to Pooh Corner" and reruns of "The Mickey Mouse Club" and "Zorro" draw viewers?

You won't get to see Disney classics like "Snow White" and "Bambi," since the company is afraid they will be taped and lose their theater appeal. Instead, you'll get "Can Can" and "Guys and Dolls."

"The Disney Channel isn't going to be bland, pabulum or plain vanilla. This is 1983, and we're going to be exciting and with it," James Jimirro, president of Walt Disney Telecommunications told the *Wall Street Journal*. Perhaps. In any case, the public will be the judge of that.

In order for Disney to break out of its reputation as the makers of stale, corny motion pictures, to build new high-growth recreation parks, and cablecast a lively, exciting pay channel, corporate attitude has to change. In order to prosper, the strict morals of Walt Disney and his insistence on authoritarian control of land projects must bend, according to Berliner. This redirection will require a courageous

chief executive officer and supportive board of directors.

To date, management has changed little. John Hensch, director of EPCOT Center, worked closely with Walt Disney for 30 years. Ray Watson, the new chairman of the board, is an old veteran from Walt's reign. Card Walker, the CEO, has continually expounded for the founder's beliefs. *Business Week* sums up the situation: "Many of the 'new' plans are leftover ideas of Walt Disney himself, giving rise to speculation that a conservative and inbred management is pursuing them more out of respect for the founder than because of any belief in its own planning process. Disney lacks not only a corporate planning department, but a long-term strategic plan as well."

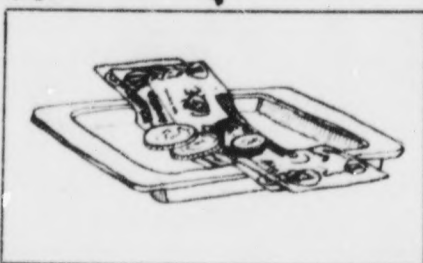
In 1967, Roy Disney, Walt's brother, said, "Walt died at the pinnacle of his producing career in every way. The big thing that's bugging American business is a lack of long-range planning. We've got the most beautiful ten-year plan we could ask for. The financial fellows think we're going to fall on our faces without Walt. Well, we've got Walt's plan, and we're going to fool them."

Don't be shocked if the firm refuses to change. Walt Disney still runs this company. He just happens to be dead.



**Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company of Sacramento**  
7550 Reese Road  
Sacramento, CA. 95828  
Phone: (916) 423-1000





## Restaurant

Continued from page 28

the mixed salad onto the frozen plates.

Waiters are backed up at the service bar waiting impatiently to call out their drink orders. The bartender is a blur — head bent, both hands moving to grab a highball or stem glass, reaching unerringly for the right liquor bottle, pouring two liquors at once. Another line of waiters flank the food line, yelling down orders, snatching hot entrees with their double folded napkins, slamming down plate covers atop the entrees.

Mitzy dashes down the center of the kitchen to the chowder area and slops chowder into the bowls. With her finger she swipes up the outside of the bowls to remove the long drips. Bob, the magnificently muscled busboy barges through the swinging doors shouldering a tray which sags under the weight of stacked dirty dishes.

"COMIN' THROUGH!" he barks.

He plows past the chowder tureen, past the coffee machine, past the cook's area, reaching the back, the bowels of the kitchen, the steamy, garbage covered dish-washing area. Grabbing the nearest piece of silverware and with fierce speed, he scrapes the plates; carrots, lobster shells, potato skin carcasses shoot into the twelve pound open garbage container stationed beside the stainless steel shelf. Dumped cream, drawn butter, red cocktail sauce smears together with cigarette butts, ashes and spilled chowder to form a swirl that runs down the slope of the shelf into a trough designed to carry the restaurant elimination down wide pipes and out beyond the restaurant parking lot.

With a quick jerk, Bob snaps the tray out from under the last several coffee saucers and salad plates. They clatter noisily onto the shelf. A few quick wipes with some nameless customer's used napkin and the busboy finishes the breakdown of his tray. In less than three minutes he is on his way back to the dining room floor.

Passing up through the front of the kitchen Bob remains blind and deaf to the commotion surrounding him. Waiter's trays rise and fall like painted ponys on the merry-go-round. Miraculously, the waiters avoid disasters by fractions of an inch. Refrigerator doors slam shut and with a kick the swinging doors crack against the wall. Waiters deal salad plates and soup liners on their tray like cards around a table. Clank-clank-clank-chowder's wild. The cook slams saute pans on the hot gas range and the Marsala sacrificed to the mushrooms lets out a scream of steam. Everywhere, violent noise bounces off the stainless steel kitchen.

And yelling. Everyone is yelling. A workman's Chorus of Commands.

"ORDER IN!"

"DRAGGING A MUSHROOM!"

"MUSHROOM FIRE!"

"86 SCALLOPS!"

"DOWN 52!"

"62 DOWN!"

"NO — 52 — FIVE, TWO!"

"WAITERS — GET YOUR FOOD OFF THE LINE!"

These ejaculations are accompanied by no verbal niceties. There is no more time for a 'please,' or 'thank-you,' than a curtsy. By mid-evening noise swells to a hellish din. Waiters not four feet from the head chef yell to be heard above the unceasing rhuuummmm of the kitchen fans sucking out heat and smoke. Here is no place for the tender or timid. Before evening's end they would be trampled in body and in spirit. To survive a kitchen during a pump, the fingertips as well as the feelings of all workers have been toughened a bit, scarred over.

\*\*\*\*

"Jose, this prime isn't medium-rare. It's over-cooked, almost well-done. I can't take this out to my customer."

Jose glances unwillingly at the meat. He pokes a finger into the beef.

"Eez alright. Eez medium-rare," he states flatly.

Ben bristles and draws a breath.

"It's not medium-rare. There's no juice. It's barely pink. I won't take this dead piece of shoe leather out to my customer. Now get me another piece."

"It's pink enough. I won't make you another one."

Ben explodes and jabs his pointing finger to a company sign hanging on the wall. The sign reads: "If You're Not Proud Of It, Don't Serve It."

"YOU SEE THAT SIGN?? CAN YOU READ ENGLISH?? I FOLLOW WHAT THAT SIGN SAYS AND I WON'T TAKE THIS GARBAGE OUT!" Cook and waiter square off, glaring at each other. Karl, the manager, gathering menus from the holding box intervenes.

"Alright, 'Ladies,' what's the problem here?" Jose scowls sullenly as he listens to Bob self-righteously tell his story. Karl looks down at the prime rib, then at cook and waiter.

"Jose, fire up another prime. Less cooked."

Jose turns from the line muttering Spanish under his breath. Ben turns from the line with tight lips and pushing past the swinging doors, approaches his customers' table.

With refined movements he lifts their wine bottle from the ice bucket and with a gentle, cradling motion pats the water droplets from the bottom of the bottle. He silently pours an inch more wine in their glasses, deftly turning his wrist at the last moment to prevent any wine drops from landing on the table.

"Sir, your dinners will be here shortly. May I get you more french bread in the meantime?"

\*\*\*\*

So elegant. So nicey-nice. So schizophrenic. To uphold the Grand Illusion at all times that everything is fine, everything is under control, when in fact, frequently everything is falling to pieces — herein lies the greatest test for the professional waiter. Can he articulate in low, well-modulated tones, pleasing to his customers' ears when moments before he was yelling shrilly at the cook? Can he smile and exchange

pleasantries with a talkative customer while mentally planning the next eight things he must do?

From the cacophony in the kitchen can he orchestrate his tables into a harmonious movement, introducing the cocktails, the appetizers, the wine, salads, entrees, and after-dinner drinks to each table with the perfect timing of a conductor? Above all, can he conceal, can he keep behind the swinging doors the conditions, the frustration — essentially the existence of the kitchen — out of his customers' minds? Professional food servers perform this act every night. And it is this very schizophrenic behavior that so fries the psyche of the waiter or waitress.

Is there no other reward in this profession than the tips counted at the end of the night? No other gratification but the gratuity resting under the last check?

\*\*\*\*

"Karen, table 30 wants to see you," Bob remarks from behind the midstation as he nonchalantly slips a small bottle of white pills back into his pocket. Karen's sigh is heavy, tired. *What now, for God's sake? Another refill of coffee? They've had enough to burst their bladders. I've crumbed their table, served them dessert and after-dinner liqueurs — what more do they want? Maybe another drink . . .*

Karen reaches the young couple, stops and bends slightly at the waist, one arm barely tucked behind her.

"Yes, sir?" she enquires attentively.

"Karen, my wife and I didn't want to

leave tonight without personally thanking you for your fine service."

"Why, thank-you, sir," she genuinely surprised and pleased.

"This was a rather special occasion for us." He hesitates, and glances at his wife before continuing.

"You see, my wife and I were separated for a time, but we got back together. Tonight was our celebration dinner for reconciliation."

"Congratulations, sir. I'm very pleased for the both of you."

"We just want you to know that it was good, but you took great care of us. You helped to make this evening very special for us."

"Sir, I'm flattered. Thank-you very much for saying so. I wish you the best of luck. Good night."

Karen walks slowly back to the kitchen, savoring the sound of his words. "Fine service." "You made it special for us." "took great care . . ." "Didn't want to without personally thanking you . . ."

"— Key, Karen — that couple on table 30 just left. There's a ten spot on the tray for you." Bob breezes by with another laden down with dishes.

"Yeah. They liked me a lot. They gave them fine service." A smile creeps over Karen's face.

Even waiters do not work for alone.



## The Park Smells Like Fossil Fuel

Yellow patches interrupt  
the green smoothness of crewcut  
blades — A child  
sliding, circling and plop on the sand,  
sand up blue polyester shorts.

It's probable cause to cry  
when there aren't enough  
swings.  
Peanutbutter without jelly  
is important.  
Voices echo  
in the green and blue cement tubes for hours.

This is beautiful  
to a child?  
And the park smells like fossil fuel. Don't laugh  
at astroturf or astronaut.  
They scrape their knees on pavement  
and blister their thumbs  
on video games.

But who understood  
Nickelodean  
when their minds were filled with wooden buckets  
no Ban Roll On  
no LSD.

— Kathleen Evans



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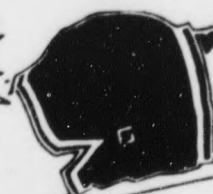
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